

The

TATTER



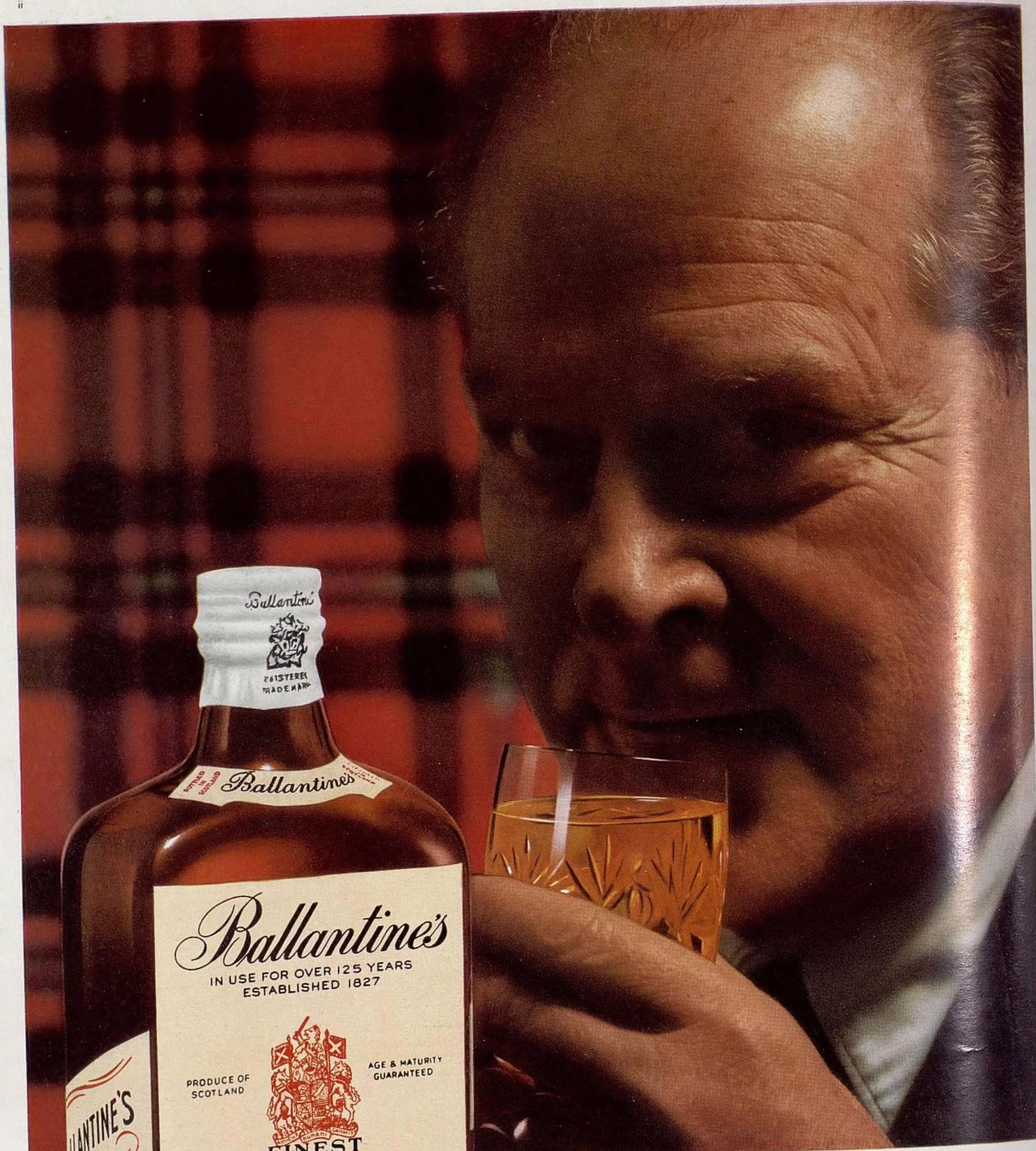
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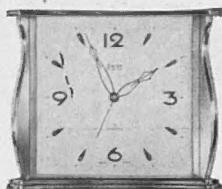
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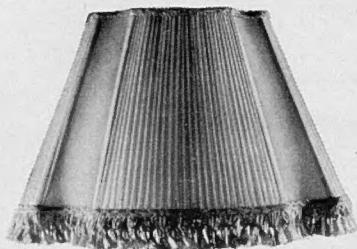


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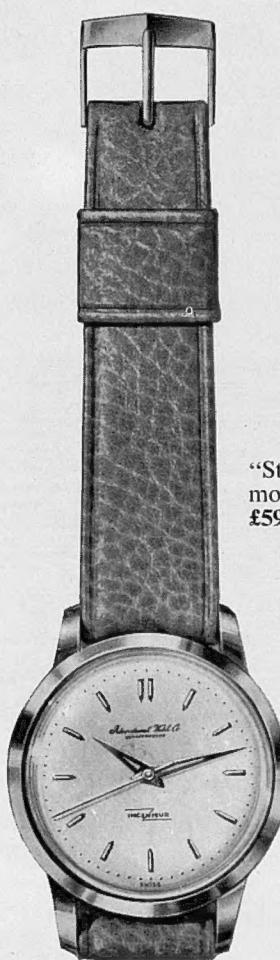
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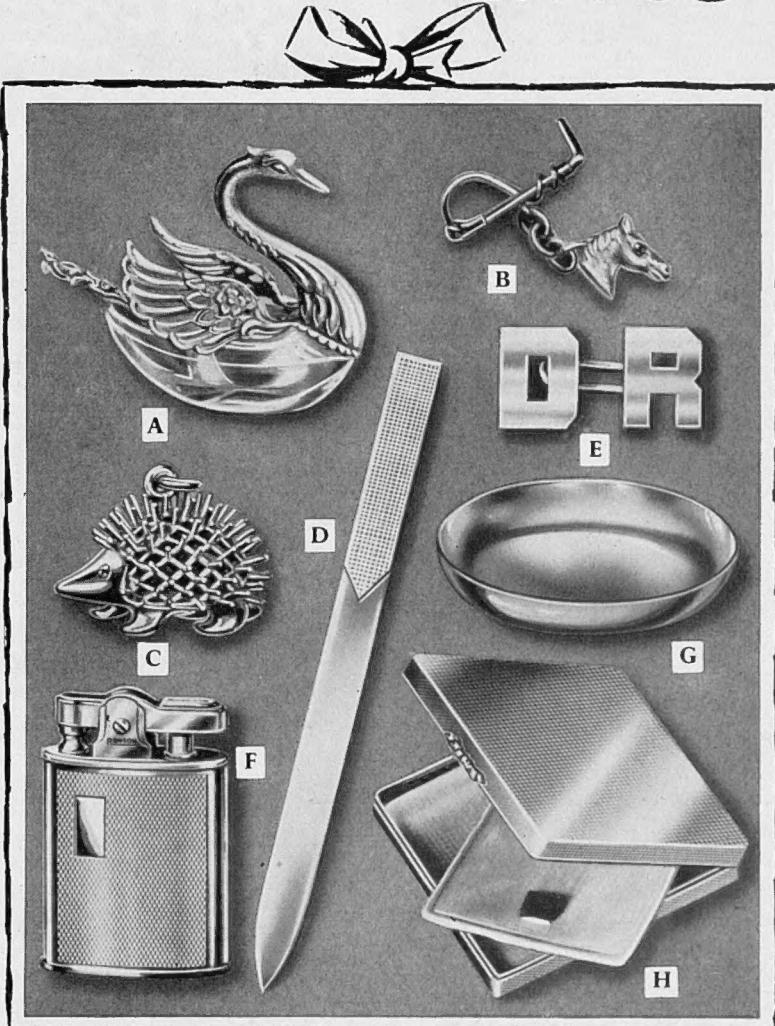
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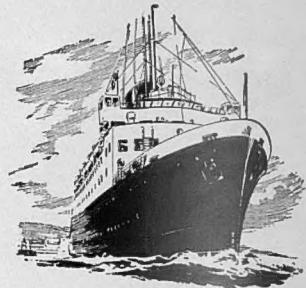
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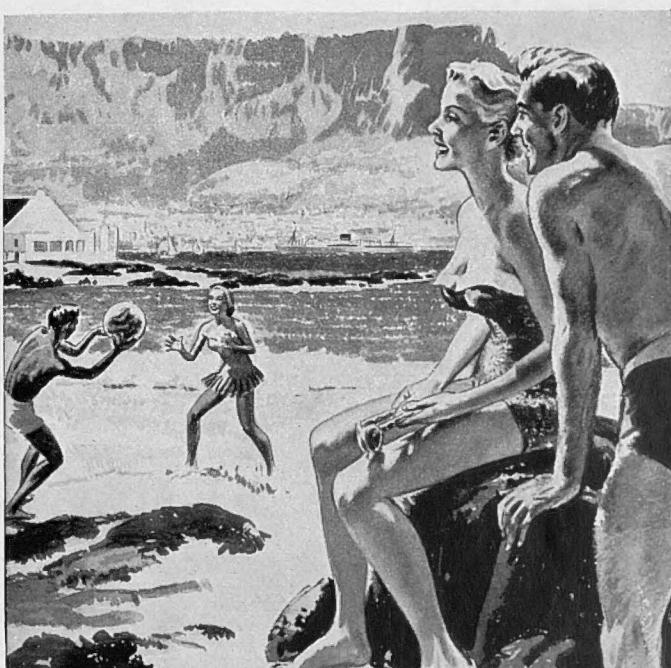
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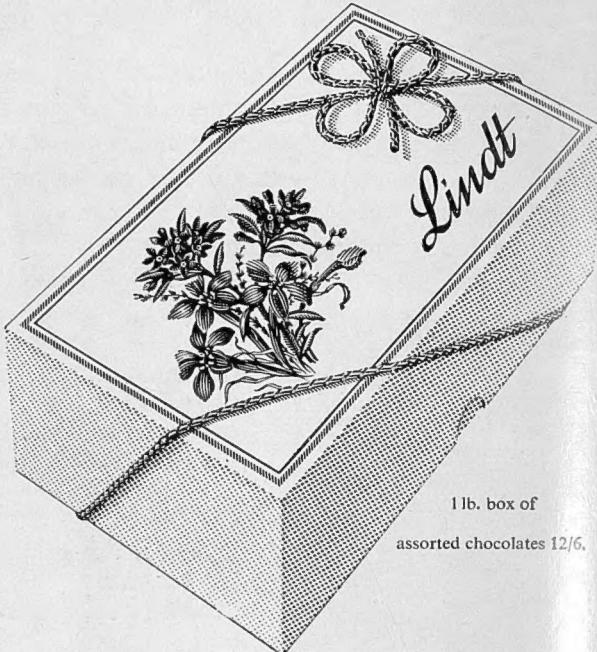
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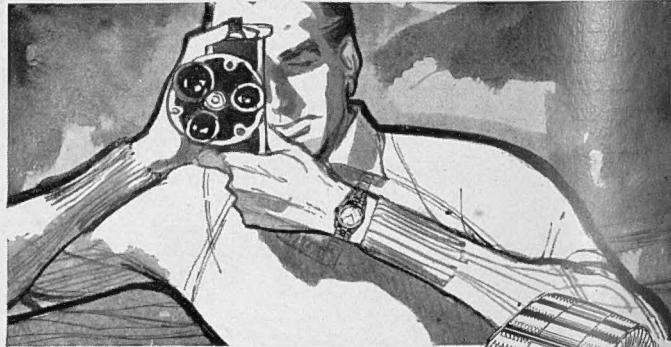
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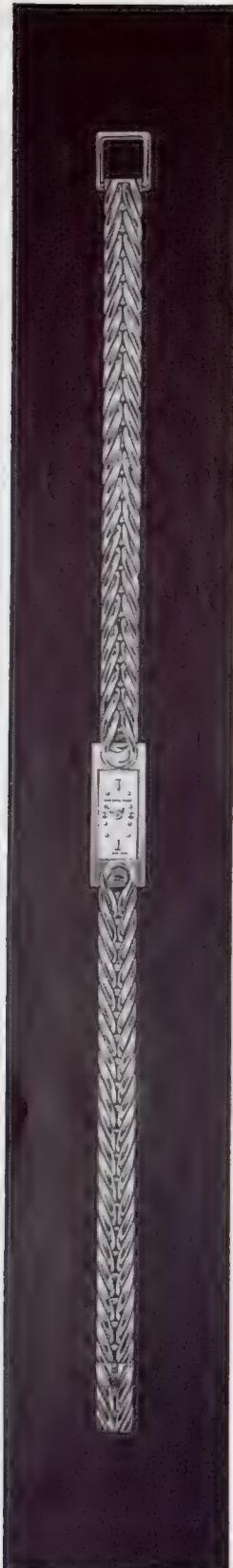


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WHERE

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

A GENERATION ago ballet was scarcely thought of as a holiday attraction but this year both the chief London companies have special Christmas offerings. The Royal Ballet brings *Cinderella* into its season at Covent Garden from the 23rd, and *The Sleeping Beauty* early in January; while the Festival Ballet is doing *The Nutcracker* in its entirety at the Royal Festival Hall from 22 December to 10 January. It would be wise to book early for any of these. The same applies to the Bertram Mills Circus (which by now deserves the adjective "immemorial") at Olympia, 19 December to 31 January.

On 16 December the National Book League is holding its first ball at the Stallybrass Galleries at 7 Albemarle Street. This should dispel the widely-held idea that people take to literature because they have lost the use of their legs. It is the first time a ball has been held there this century (though it has records of sumptuous revelry

going back to the 1600s) and preparations are lavish. Another ball, not so grand, but handier for West Country people, is that of the Stevenstone Hunt. It is at the Portledge Hotel, near Bideford, on the 19th.

Toy-soldiers have long ceased to be a nursery monopoly. They now receive the *cachet* of a review by an ex-C.I.G.S. This happens tomorrow at the House of Bewlay, Park Lane, when Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer opens (for one month) an exhibition of "Model Soldiers Through the Ages." Everything is in it, one hears, including the Soyer (field kitchen) stove. Proceeds go to the British Empire Cancer Campaign.

French contemporary paintings from both ends of the age spectrum are on view at the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, until 23 December. Works by such stalwarts as Picasso and Cocteau can be studied side by side with those of promising stripplings who have yet to make their names. An excellent idea, well carried out. Other art exhibition organizers might fruitfully ponderit.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS (from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

Emberson's Wine Lodge, Shepherd Market. "Fine wines, first-class sherries and madeiras, and the highest grade Colchester oysters it is possible to obtain . . . 25s. a dozen.

The Ravensbury Arms, Mitcham. "The Dawsons have built up a great reputation for their cuisine . . . the menu . . . is remarkable . . . scampi at 7s. 6d., caviare at 12s. 6d. and asparagus 5s."

The Buckingham, Petty France, Westminster. "A Silver Grill serving only the finest meat . . . and there is an excellent wine list. This grill is not cheap. For the quality . . . it couldn't be."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Chrysanthemum (Prince of Wales Theatre). "Something of a surprise, a musical comedy which has got hold of an amusing idea and exploits it with an exhilarating sense of fun."

Long Day's Journey Into Night (Globe Theatre). "A bitterly remembered chapter of Eugene O'Neill's own youth . . . plain, fierce and harrowing account of family misery. Fine performances from Gwen Ffrangeon-Davies and Anthony Quayle."

Breath Of Spring (Duke of York's Theatre). "Pleasantly nonsensical relaxation . . . inventive and genuinely funny parlour game of mixed-up old dears."

Fancied films

BY ELSPIETH GRANT

Floods Of Fear. "It is not every day one finds oneself cooped up in a disintegrating house with a convicted murderer . . . the flood scenes have been most effectively handled."

Behind The Mask. "The setting . . . is a hospital. . . . The film is by no means sensationalist. On the contrary . . . it seems to wish seriously to draw attention to opposing factions within the medical profession."

...WHAT

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The TATLER

& B. TANDER

Vol. CCX. No. 2996

10 December 1958

TWO BILLINGS



Ida Kar

PERSONALITY

They built a city

MAXWELL FRY and Jane Drew are a husband-and-wife team of architects and planners. Their designs for modern living have done much to change the face of Britain and several countries overseas. Since their marriage in 1942 Mr. Fry and Miss Drew have worked together on projects as diverse as the first section of Harlow New Town, a ten-year multi-million-pound educational programme for Ghana, and the building of a new State capital in India.

Mr. Fry, Liverpool-educated, founded, with the late Wells Coates, in 1930 a group that put up the first low-cost flats in reinforced concrete. Later buildings established the contemporary trend and Impington Village College, Cambridgeshire (designed

with Gropius in 1936), became the prototype of modern school building.

War service as a major (R.E.) took him to West Africa, whence stemmed his later important work there with his wife. The first West African University which they designed at Ibadan, Nigeria, is now being enlarged to take 1,000 students. But their most formidable task was in India—the building of Chandigarh, the Punjab capital, with le Corbusier and Pierre Jeannerat. Miss Drew was for three years Senior Architect, responsible for schools and the housing of 13,000 people, later moving on to planning and housing for oil interests in Persia.

Women owe a debt to her advocacy of eye-level stoves and labour-saving devices.



Hackett Pain—Currie: Miss Lyndsay P. Currie, daughter of Mrs. D. A. Currie, London, & the late Mr. F. J. Currie, Lockerbie, married Major Andrew Hackett Pain, De Vere Gardens, W.8, son of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir William & Lady Hackett Pain, at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh



Almond—Paine: Miss Judith Veronica Paine, daughter of Mrs. Vera Paine, London Road, St. Albans, Herts, married Dr. David L. Almond, youngest son of Sir James & Lady Almond, Baslow Road, Eastbourne, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Gordon Lennox—Warner: Miss Sally-Rose Warner, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Warner, Stanton, near Broadway, married Capt. Bernard C. Gordon Lennox, elder son of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. G. Gordon Lennox, The Old Rectory, Stretton-on-Fosse, Glos, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Gell—Low: Miss Margaret Low, daughter of Lt.-Col. & the late Mrs. Gavin Low, Brackenwood, Lynchmere, married Lt.-Col. Nigel James Gell, M.C., younger son of the late Capt. W. H. Gell, & of Mrs. Gell, The White Cottage, Lynchmere, Haslemere, at St. Peter's Church, Lynchmere



Taylor—Sloman: Miss Elizabeth Rachael Sloman, only daughter of Mr. & the late Mrs. Frank Sloman, Cliff Cottage, St. Germans, married S.-Ldr. Henry L. Taylor, R.A.F. Cranwell, son of Mrs. W. Dingley, Arosva, Heacham, King's Lynn, and the late Mr. J. Taylor, at St. German's, near Torpoint, Cornwall



Knocker—McLeod: Miss Catriona Jane McLeod, only daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Roderick McLeod, Fairhill, The Hockering, Woking, & the late Mrs. McLeod, married Capt. Nigel B. Knocker, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Knocker, Mardale, Angmering-on-Sea, at the R.M.A. Chapel, Sandhurst



Henderson — Gratrix: Miss Jean Gratrix, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Gratrix, Devonshire Place, London, W.1, married Mr. Michael E. Henderson, son of Mr. & Mrs. L. E. Henderson, Stoneswood Cottage, Limpsfield, near Westerham, Surrey, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, London, W.1



Gibson—Glendenning: Miss Maril Glendenning, daughter of the late Mr. G. H. Glendenning, and of Mrs. F. L. Ingham, Osborne Court, Newcastle upon Tyne, 2, married Mr. Kenneth Gibson, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. K. W. Gibson, Beech Road, Norbury, S.W.16, at St. George's, Newcastle upon Tyne

SOCIAL JOURNAL

That Eton Wall Game puzzles the parents

by JENNIFER

THE Duke & Duchess of Gloucester, just back from their trip to Ethiopia, Somalia and the Aden Protectorate, and the Duchess of Kent were among the parents who went to Eton for St. Andrew's Day. The two Gloucester boys are in different houses. Prince William (four years at Eton) is in Mr. Frank Coleridge's house, and Prince Richard (who went there last year) in Mr. Chamier's. Their cousin Prince Michael of Kent, now in his fourth year at Eton, is also in Mr. Chamier's house.

For many parents St. Andrew's Day means an early start, as their son may be taking part in, or may want to watch, the final of the Under-15 House Cup in the field. It is played at 10.20 a.m. and was won this year by the Rev. R. D. F. Wild's XI. After Absence at 11.30 there is the annual match of Collegers v. Oppidans at the Wall, which is the chief event of St. Andrew's Day. No matter what the weather is, a big crowd turns up to stand for an hour on narrow duckboards in a rather muddy field, often shivering in an icy-cold wind or fog (this year fortunately it was comparatively mild) to watch the Wall Game, in which there is seldom any score and few spectators understand the play. Nevertheless it has been a traditional rendezvous for well over 100 years. (Pictures on p. 659.)

Muddy shorts—and top hats

This year it was an open game with no score. J. A. D. Wilkinson was keeper of the Collegers' wall. Their side included A. G. Causey, N. M. L. Wade, F. C. Wrangham, A. M. Lawson-Smith, J. E. J. Altham, A. B. Macdonald, W. H. G. Wilks, A. N. Ridley and A. M. Stewart. J. Baskerville-Glegg was keeper of the Oppidan Wall and playing for the Oppidans were M. S. R. Heathcote, G. V. Cooper, J. Harvie-Watt,

A. J. K. Taylor, A. P. R. Clive, J. G. W. Agnew, M. C. Swann, G. C. C. T. G. Meyrick and J. C. M. Campbell who was able at long.

In contrast to the 20 players at the Wall in their muddy shorts and striped shirts, and the referee in tweeds, the senior masters

son Lord Charles Spencer Churchill, the Countess of Home with her only son Lord Dunglass, Capt. & Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and her second son James Cecil, Mr. & Mrs. Derek Butler Adams, their young son Richard and their daughter Zara, Miss Melanie Lowson and her brother Ian who is in Mr. Cruso's house, the Hon. Sherman & Mrs. Stonor and their Etonian son Ralph, and Mr. John Pode who teaches science.

To see the eleventh man

Lady Chesham, who had come alone as Lord Chesham was shooting, was with her tall son the Hon. Nicholas Cavendish, Mr. & Mrs. Branston and their daughter had come down from their home in Yorkshire to see their son Patrick who was 11th man for the Oppidans, and Mr. & Mrs. Derek Wigan and their pretty teenage daughter Sarah were with their son Michael who is in his first half-at Eton.

Others there were Mrs. Aubrey Burke and her son Aubrey, Mrs. Frere and her son Henry, Lt.-Col. & the Hon. Mrs. Thomas



THE CLAN MACPHERSON ASSOCIATION'S English branch held its annual dinner and dance at the Waldorf Hotel. Left to right: Mr. R. W. G. Macpherson (branch treasurer), Mrs. R. W. G. Macpherson, the Hon. Gordon Macpherson (chairman), the Hon. Mrs. Gordon Macpherson, Lord Macpherson of Drumoichter, Mrs. R. F. V. Scott, Lady Macpherson, the Very Rev. Dr. R. F. V. Scott (minister of St. Columba's) and Mr. Ian D. Pearson (branch secretary)

stand close up watching the game, immaculate in black suits, black or dark blue overcoats and black top hats. This year the Headmaster of Eton, Mr. Robert Birley, and the Lower Master, Mr. Julian Lambert, were watching, but the Provost, Sir Claude Elliott, and the vice-Provost, Mr. Charles Rowlatt, who are usually there, were absent owing to illness.

Among those I saw enjoying the day were the Duke of Marlborough with his younger

Davies and their elder son Hugh, Sir John & Lady Child (a family party with their daughters Deirdre and Diana and their son and heir Coles, who is in Mr. Coleridge's house), the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott and her third son Andrew, Miss Serena Fass who has a brother in Mr. Graham-Campbell's house, Mrs. Jimmy Palmer Tompkinson and her three sons who are all at Eton, the Hon. Graham Lampson who had come down to see his half-brother the Hon. Victor Lampson, Sir Edmund Stockdale and his son, and Denise Lady Ebury, neat in dark green tweeds, accompanied by her elder son the Hon. William Grosvenor and her nephew Sir Gavin Lyle.

Luncheon at Taplow

I also saw Cdr. & Mrs. Edmonstone up from Sussex to spend the day with their young son; Mr. & Mrs. Goedhuis and their son, Lady Petre (warmly wrapped up) with her 16-year-old son the Hon. John Petre, Sir Charles Taylor who has two sons here,

At school in Paris

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: The finishing schools of Paris and some of the girls attending them—many of whom will be next season's débutantes—will be pictured in a special photographic report by Betty Swaabe. Also: Roundabout by Spike Milligan; and the centenary of Puccini

Other People's Babies



REBECCA ROSE, 18 months, daughter of the Hon. Hugh & the Hon. Mrs. Fraser. Eaton Square, S.W.1



TERESA (four), ROBIN (three), and TIMOTHY (six months), children of Mr. & Mrs. J. Bartleet, Abrahams Farm, Great Tey, Essex



GEORGINA (ten),
ROBERT (eight),
NICHOLAS (six),
CAROLINE (three)
and JOANNA (seven
months), children
of Mr. & Mrs. W.
Bell, Cottisford
House, Brackley,
Northants

Mr. & Mrs. Richard Stafford and Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Dixon who all live in Surrey and had come over to spend the day with their sons; incidentally both families have daughters, Miss Judy Dixon and Miss Veronica Stafford, coming out next season. Major Nigel Fisher, M.P., & Mrs. Fisher were taking his son out to lunch nearby.

Most family parties lunched at one of the Eton, Windsor or Bray restaurants, others with friends in the neighbourhood. I had luncheon with Mrs. Leonard Adams, who had a family party at her charming and picturesque house at Taplow. Here among other treasures I saw a beautiful gros point carpet which our hostess had worked in a charming floral pattern, as well as all the chair seats in the dining-room; now she is busy on a set of two dozen kneelers in a delightful design.

The ball that had everything

The Red Cross Ball is one of the gayest of the charity events. This year's, which took place traditionally at the Dorchester, was voted the best ever held. It had all the right ingredients; a big proportion of young people, a good dinner and band, an excellent cabaret and gay sideshows, and a draw for lucky numbers which did not take too long. The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston was again the hard-working chairman, and Miss Lucy Fisher chairman of the Junior Committee of which Miss Anne Holbech was vice-chairman and Miss Gillian Buckley hon. secretary. Mrs. Lawson-Johnston said that the members of this committee had worked so hard and efficiently that they could easily run it themselves next year! The County of London Branch of the B.R.C.S. must have benefited considerably from the proceeds of the evening.

Guests were received by the Hon. Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, Miss Lucy Fisher and Rear-Admiral George C. Ross who was hon. treasurer of the ball. These all brought parties, and others who had tables were Lady Audley and Violet Viscountess Alendale (looking charming in grey), who had her sons and daughter-in-law the Hon.

MR. R. ROBERTS: Owing to mistaken information supplied to us a picture of Mr. Roger Roberts in our issue of 12 November, taken at the Mid-Surrey Farmers' Drag Hound hunter trials held on his estate, Crouch House, Edenbridge, was wrongly described as being of Mr. R. Robertson.

Nicholas & Mrs. Beaumont and the Hon. George Beaumont with her. The Hon. William & Mrs. Watson-Armstrong were also among the party bringers. Mrs. Watson-Armstrong looked attractive in an apricot brocade dress and exquisite diamond and amethyst necklace, and in her party was her stepfather M. Paul Ruegger, a former Swiss Minister in London and until two years ago head of the International Red Cross. Her guests also included Mr. Graeme & the Hon. Mrs. Parish and Miss Nell Villiers. Lord & Lady Luke brought a party, as did Dame Anne Bryans (deputy chairman of the B.R.C.S.), Mr. & Mrs. Nigel Althouse, Mrs. Guepin-Stancioff, and Mrs. George Frost and Mrs. Rex Cohen, who had a lot of young people at their tables.

Other party bringers

Among the other young people who organized parties for this good ball were Miss Anne Holbech, Miss Gillian Buckley, Lady Mary Stopford, young marrieds Mr. & Mrs. William Stuttaford, Mr. & Mrs. Timothy Nicolson and Lord & Lady Leslie. Also Miss Clemency Ames who was celebrating her 21st birthday, Miss Jennifer Dyke, Lady Rosemary Villiers, Miss Miranda Rivers-Bulkeley, Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg, Lady Rosula Windsor-Clive, Miss Melanie Lowson, and Miss Gemma Jamieson and Miss Julia Clayton, who had Mr. Adrian Slade at their table.

Three other young men I saw here were Mr. John Slesinger, Mr. Nickie Ackroyd and Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie. Adrian Slade and Ron Moody gave an excellent cabaret. Among members of the London branch of the B.R.C.S. I saw at the ball helping with the lucky draw and other arrangements were Mrs. Arthur Fawcett (who had a party), Mrs. Prentice, Miss Joyce Goodbody and Miss Marjorie Fraser.

More words from Monty

More than 600 guests attended the annual dinner of the London Ulster Association, which took place at the Criterion in Piccadilly. This was a cheerful gathering, a great get-together of friends from Northern Ireland who met for a drink before the dinner and then were invited to stay on afterwards for an hour of informal chat.

[Continued on page 658]

RIDERS

*... of the Year
receive their awards*

*... of the
Royal Meath
hold their opening meet*

The Royal Meath's opening meet was at Old Fairyhouse. Below: Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam, from Shillelagh, Co. Wicklow. She has attended the opening meets of the Carlow, Kildare and Island packs since the start of this season
C. C. Fennell



Van Hallan
Top: The Duke of Norfolk (who presented the awards) with Lt.-Col. & Mrs. C. E. G. Hope. Col. Hope is editor of Light Horse and Pony which ran the ballot for the titles. The reception was held at the London premises of Messrs. Martini & Rossi, who gave the trophies and medals

Left: Miss Pat Smythe ("Horsewoman of the Year") with Col. A. K. Main. He is chairman of the British Show-Jumping Association. Right: Show-jumper Mr. Alan Oliver ("Horseman of the Year") with his wife



Mrs. B. Williams, Miss Avia Daly and Mr. William Johnson. The hunt was entertained by Mrs. Dan Moore at her home



Sir Thomas Ainsworth (he has a seat in Limerick) and Mrs. Waring Willis



The Earl of Fingall and Mrs. Eddie Boylan (wife of Brigadier Boylan)

Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, president of the association, presided and at the end of dinner proposed the health of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery who was the guest of honour and who of course responded.

Lord Rathcavan, chairman of the council, spoke and the toast "Northern Ireland" was proposed by Viscount Tenby. The latter was deputizing for the Rt. Hon. "Rab" Butler, who after the first part of dinner had to leave to return to the House of Commons where he was taking part in a debate. The Prime Minister of Northern Ireland Viscount Brookeborough (who is a nephew of Viscount Alanbrooke) replied to Viscount Tenby with the best speech of the evening.

Among those present were Lady Templer, whose husband Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer was ill and could not come, Viscountess Alanbrooke, the Earl of Gosford, Lady Carson (widow of that famous personality Lord Carson), Sir Francis & Lady Evans, Viscount Massereene & Ferrard and his lovely wife who was sitting next to Lord Rathcavan, and Sir Robert Gransden the Northern Ireland Government Agent in Great Britain, & Lady Gransden who brought a party of 16.

Lady Swaythling, good looking in a brocade dress, was there, also Lord Ferrier, Sir Henry MacGeagh, Lt.-Col. Robert Grosvenor who represents Fermanagh & South Tyrone in the House of Commons, and Mrs. Grosvenor, Major Nigel Fisher, M.P., & Mrs. Fisher, who was looking attractive in a white and black spotted crinoline; she was for some time M.P. for North Down, a constituency her father the late Sir Walter Smiles represented until his tragic death in a cross-Channel accident. Others present included Major-Gen. Kendrew, Sir Basil McFarland and Mrs. & Mrs. H. Bryan, who all enjoyed an interesting and pleasant evening.

Canadian women entertained

From here I went on to the Dorchester where the Canadian Women's Club were holding their annual Maple Leaf Ball, a cheerful and well-organized Anglo-Canadian party. Countess Alexander of Tunis, the president, missed the ball as she is in Canada with her husband Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis who was suddenly taken seriously ill with heart trouble last

Bachelor digs

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

*Slumped in a chair I lie inert.
My stomach grapples loud and long
(The baked bean casserole went
wrong).*

I have no buttons on my shirt.

*The dirty dishes yell reproof.
I made my bed a week ago.
The clock is forty minutes slow.
There is a vulture on the roof.*

*Covered in dust I sit and muse.
My state is grim to a degree.
No one is looking after me—
MUST get myself a wife. But
whose?*

month, and the committee sent her a cable saying how much she was missed. Lady Baxter was once again chairman of the ball committee and, with Sir Beverley Baxter, had a big party at their table including the Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. George Drew, and his attractive wife who drew the lucky programme prizes, and Lord & Lady Tweedsmuir (his father was a former Governor-General of Canada).

Mr. J. S. P. Armstrong, Agent-General for Ontario, and Mrs. Armstrong, who wore a lovely white-flowered taffeta dress, also had a large party. Mrs. Armstrong had assisted with the table arrangements, and others at the ball who had helped to make the evening a success were Mrs. H. Baringham the deputy chairman (who Lady Baxter told me had done so much while she herself was away on a world tour), Mrs. James Thom who did all the décor, Mrs. A. R. Marcus, Mrs. Edgar Lane who organized the raffle for a Ronald Paterson model, and the cabaret, Mrs. O. V. Michael who ran the tombola on which there were many fine prizes, and Mrs. A. R. Maidens who assembled the programme sellers and collected the lucky programme prizes, which included a return trip to Madeira for two by ocean liner, a case of wine, and a pair of Hudson's Bay blankets.

Mrs. Murray-Armstrong, acting-chairman

of the club since the death of Mrs. McMullen, was there with her husband who is Agent-General for Manitoba, also Mrs. J. E. Jackson, the vice-chairman. Others present included Mr. & Mrs. Case, Mr. Jenkins and his Canadian-born wife, Mr. & Mrs. Charles, and Miss Sandra Drew and Miss Meribah Baxter who were in a young Anglo-Canadian party. (See p. 664 for pictures.)

A ski club expands

The Kandahar, which I believe is the oldest of all the ski clubs, held its annual dinner dance at the Savoy. Mr. James Riddell, chairman of the club, who has written several useful books on skiing, presided. At the end of dinner he made an excellent speech, first announcing that the Earl of Selkirk (who was at the dinner with the Countess of Selkirk), had been elected the new president of the club. This received tremendous applause. He went on to speak of the club's work, saying that some of the races had been moved from Mürren to other centres this year, and that besides Mürren, Kandahar representatives would also be at Gstaad, Zermatt and Kitzbühel.

The Earl of Selkirk then said a few words and paid a tribute to skiing pioneer Sir Arnold Lunn, who missed the dinner as he is away in America on a lecture tour.

Besides the Earl & Countess of Selkirk, others in the chairman's party were Mr. Stephen Tennant and his wife, who is a pillar of the ski club of Great Britain, Mr. & Mrs. Irvine Aitcheson, Mrs. Ripley Oddie, Mr. Angus Irwin and Swiss author and traveller Mlle. Ella (Kini) Maillart. After dinner another Swiss friend joined the party, M. Bernard Seiler from the Mont Cervin Hotel in Zermatt.

Others at this enjoyable annual affair were Mr. Eric Lewnes, who had organized the dinner efficiently, Sir Adrian & Lady Chamier, Mrs. "Ros" Hepworth, Mrs. Alan Butler who brought a party including her daughter Mrs. Ventris, Mr. Humphrey Humphreys, Mr. John Houlder (as usual flying out to ski over the following weekend) and Lady Elizabeth Lindsay-Bethune and Miss Petronella Elliot were in a party with Mr. & Mrs. Michael Essayan.

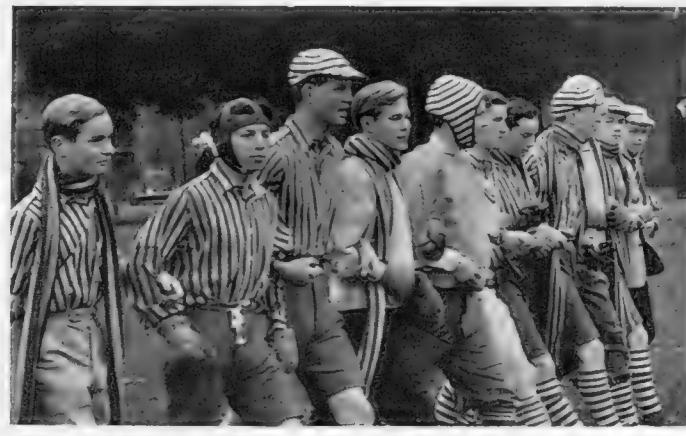
Mr. Robert De Larrinaga, a former British Olympic skier, and his wife were down from

BRIGGS by Graham





The wall game under way, and under mud



Below: The Collegers, as yet unmuddied, advance

The Wall Game

TON CELEBRATES ST. ANDREW'S DAY WITH THE TRADITIONAL GAME. THE RESULT WAS A DRAW WITH NO POINTS SCORED



Right: Junior boys answering their names as Absence is called in Cannon Yard

Below, right: Mr. & Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn with their Etonian son, Mr. D. Fishburn



The Duchess of Gloucester and her elder son Prince William, now a senior Etonian, with Lady Elliott (she is the wife of the Provost of Eton)



Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer (the former C.I.G.S.). He was accompanied by his wife, his daughter Miss Jane Templer, and his son Miles



Mrs. P. S. Snow with her husband (a housemaster) and Mr. T. E. Beddard, the Olympic fencer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
VAN HALLAN



The Duke of Marlborough with his son, Lord Charles Spencer Churchill, of Mr. Hill's house



Miss Pamela Ann Bedford to Captain Michael B. D. Beggs, the R.I.F.: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. R. Bedford, Melverley, The Warren, Ashtead, Surrey. He is the son of Mrs. & the late Dr. Tennison Beggs, formerly of The Old Vicarage, North Petherton



Miss Vanessa Colman to Mr. Peter Royle: She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. K. E. S. Colman, Fielden, Lucastes Road, Haywards Heath. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. E. V. Royle, Summerfield, Lucastes Road



Miss Veronica Kathryn Symondson to Mr. John David A. Thomas: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Symondson, Pond Close, Broadway, Worcs. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Alan Thomas, Rock Cottage, Ferryside, Carmarthenshire, South Wales



Baron Studios



Miss Mary Rose Brock to Mr. Keith Vanstone: She is the daughter of Sir Russell & Lady Brock, The Old Rectory House, Church Road, Wimbledon. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. C. B. Vanstone, Manor Drive North, New Malden

Miss Rosemary V. K. Edwards to Mr. Colin G. Thompson: She is the only daughter of Wing Cdr. & Mrs. R. A. G. Edwards, Hurst Farm, Privett, nr. Alton, Hants. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Thompson, Upton Scudamore, Wilts



Yevon

Liverpool, and I also saw Mr. Alan Crompton, Capt. & Mrs. A. Raynsford and her mother Lady Wakefield, Cdr. Jack Shirley, hon. treasurer of the club, Mr. Kenneth Smith president of the Alpine Ski Club and his wife, who was in green, Mr. Donald Gomme, Miss Rona Macleod a fine skier and devotee of Kitzbühel, Miss Philippa Hussey the invaluable secretary of the Kandahar, Mr. John Boyagis and Dr. and Mrs. Edmund Goldberger.

After dinner there was dancing to an excellent band, and there was much visiting between the tables around the dance floor, with discussion of plans for the forthcoming winter sports season which will soon be at its height.

A star in her hair

From here I went on to Quaglino's new ballroom where Mrs. Croker-Poole and Mrs. Roger Wethered were giving a joint dance for their attractive débutante daughters Miss Sally Croker-Poole and Miss Julie Stratford. Both girls looked enchanting, Sally in a lovely dress of pale apricot satin and Julie in an equally beautiful one of

ice-blue satin shot with silver, wearing a diamond star in her hair. Both hostesses gave large dinner parties before the ball and many of their friends also gave dinner parties, among them Mr. Ivan & Lady Edith Foxwell, Mme. Capriles, Mr. & Mrs. Derek Hague, Mr. & Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie, Mr. & Mrs. Nigel Campbell, Mr. & Mrs. Burness, the Hon. Mrs. MacDonald, whose son and daughter Mr. Richard and Miss Victoria Nicholson were both at the dance, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Agnew, Lady David Crichton-Stuart, Mr. & Mrs. Clare O'Rorke, Mr. & Mrs. Piers St. Aubyn, Mr. & Mrs. Riley-Smith and the young Marquess & Marchioness of Bute.

Among other young marrieds who also gave dinner parties were Lord & Lady Brooke, the latter in a short cream satin dress looking as pretty as she did at her coming-out dance, Mr. & Mrs. "Sandy" Berry and newly marrieds Mr. & Mrs. James West.

Supper on a balcony

Other young marrieds at the ball included the Hon. Vere & Mrs. Harmsworth, Mr. & Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, Mr. William & Lady Angela Oswald and the Hon. Robert & Lady Mary Biddulph. The Hon. Reggie Winn, Mr. & Mrs. Sydney Emanuel, Lord & Lady Jessel, Mrs. Alec Hambro and of course Col. A. E. Croker-Poole and Mr. Roger Wethered were there, too.

Supper was served on the balcony adjoining the ballroom and around 2 a.m. Bob Harvey arrived to play in a small room that had a night club atmosphere.

Other young people I saw enjoying this gay ball were Miss Jennifer Mackinnon, pretty in white chiffon, and her brother John, Mr. Anthony Poole busy helping his sister and parents to look after the guests, Lady Anne Maitland, Viscount Moore, the Hon. David Verney, Mr. Robert Buxton

dancing with petite and pretty Miss Angela Goldsborough, Miss Miranda Smiley and the Earl of Brecknock.

On the dance floor

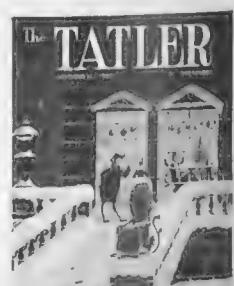
Lord James Crichton-Stuart, Miss Zia Foxwell, Miss Melanie Lowson, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Lady Fiona Crichton-Stuart (a débutante this year who came with her fiancé Capt. Michael Lowsley-Williams) and Countess Carolyn Czernin, in a white crinoline, were also guests. Others were Miss Penelope Riches, Miss Harriet Nares, Miss Sabrina Longland, Lady Caroline Townshend looking pretty and as always soignée and chic, Miss Dominie Riley-Smith, Miss Davina Nutting, Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard attractive in white, Lady Davina Pepys pretty in pink, Miss Diana Wood and Miss Gay Foster.

I also saw Miss Sally O'Rorke, Miss Philippa Drummond, Mr. Richard Hawkins, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Viscount Lumley, Mr. Robin Abel Smith, Mr. Ian and Mr. Glen McCorquodale, Lord Valentine Thynne and Viscount Reidhaven.

Can you spot
a friend by
his card?

Mary Macpherson says she can. Read her witty article in the Christmas Number of THE TATLER price 3s. 6d. For sending overseas: 4s. including postage (or \$1.25 for U.S. and Canada), plus a greetings card, sent by The Tatler, to say that the gift comes from you.

STOKES JOKES



CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1958

MUSICIANS

serenade St. Cecilia

at the annual festival dinner

to help their Benevolent Fund

Guests were received by Sir Steuart Wilson (chairman of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund) and Miss Anna Neagle, (chairman of the dinner)



Van Hallan



Mr. Gerard Hoffnung (of the Hoffnung festivals) playing his tuba. Novelty musical offerings followed the dinner



Lady Wilson, Baroness Ravensdale (treasurer of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund) and the Precentor of Westminster, the Rev. C. T. H. Dams



Sir Michael Newton, Bt., & Lady Newton. The festival dinner was held at the Savoy



Sir John Maud (Permanent Sec. to the Fuel & Power Ministry) with Countess Jowitt



Sir Eric Edwards, leading Conservative organizer, Lady Olivia Waldron and Mr. V. Waldron

Sale of Christmas G I F T S at the Park Lane Fair



Below: Sir Charles Norton with Lady Norton, who is chairman of the Park Lane Fair, and Mr. Graham Roberts, the treasurer of the Fair



Top, left: Miss Shona Stanley-Matheson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Matheson, at the Fair at Park Lane House

Above: Mrs. Kenneth Hawksfield and Mrs. John Guest, a former Mayoress of St. Marylebone, helped at the "Chairman's Stall"

A. V. Swaebe



Lady Victor Paget, at the "Variety, Old and New" Stall, with Viscountess Kilmuir, who opened the Fair. In the afternoon there was a dancing display

Below: Selling programmes were Mrs. Peter Stevens and Mrs. D. H. R. Martin. The Fair was in aid of the Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops



Top: The Christmas tree. Above: Father Christmas with Mrs. M. Garton, Miss A. Leberne and Mrs. J. Leberne



The Mayor of Kensington, Councillor A. N. E. McHaffie, receives a prize at the Hoop-la Stall from Mrs. Anthony Garton, whose husband impersonated Father Christmas. On the right is Mrs. McHaffie



Dame Marian Acton, comptroller of the Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops, with Miss Tessa Milne

Mrs. Dino Daponte with the Philippine Ambassador, M. Leon Maria Guerrero, at the New Art Centre. Right: Sir Kenneth Clark, his wife, and Miss Caryl Whineray



The Hon. Mrs. Yvonne Mostyn with Major Alexander Beatty who had a painting in the show



Miss Jean Dawnay, the model and actress, with Mr. Harold Prince. He produced this year's new musical West Side Story



Miss Madeline Grand (the Centre was her idea) with her father, General L. D. Grand

Opening of a

GALLERY

*for young artists
in Sloane Street*

A V SW.



Miss Phyllis Calvert, the actress. The pictures exhibited are chosen by the committee from works done by young artists



Mrs. G. Austin with Capt. P. Fellowes

Below: Mrs. Michael Lewis and Mr. Albert Lewis: He is a director of a group of textile companies and lives in Surrey





Van Hallan

Left: Mr. G. Spry (Agent-General for Saskatchewan) and Miss E. Riley



Centre: Lady Cooper and her grandson, Mr. David Rutherford



Right: Mr. C. A. V. Smith (the architect) and Lady Butler

MAPLE LEAF BALL

*held at the Dorchester by
the Canadian Women's Club*



Mr. W. R. M. Oswald, his wife (Lady Angela Oswald, the daughter of the Marquess of Exeter) and Mrs. J. V. T...
Left: Mr. & Mrs. W. M. Garven. He is European Manager for the Trans-Canada Air Lines company



Extreme left: Mr. George Drew (High Commissioner for Canada), Mrs. Drew, Lady Baxter and Mrs. A. Murray Armstrong. They received the guests at the ball

Van Hallan



Rear-Admiral G. C. Ross (treasurer of the ball committee) and the Hon. Mrs. H. Lawson-Johnston (chairman) received the guests

Below: Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Kitchen. He is the chairman of the Pearl Assurance Company

RED CROSS BALL

*held at the Dorchester by
the County of London branch*

Comte Yves de Durat with Miss Verena Bromley-Kemp. Guests were entertained by a clairvoyant

The Earl & Countess of Plymouth. There were 400 guests at the ball, which helped Red Cross funds





MOTHERS!

Mind how you dress for the school play

BY ELIZABETH SMART

*Author of "I sat down in Grand Central Station and wept,"
now engaged on a biography of Marie Stopes*

THIS SEASON brings to thousands of schoolchildren the panic of preparations for the Christmas play. It also brings to thousands of Mummies a clothes panic. The problem, baldly stated, is this: What can you possibly wear that will make you look exactly like all the other Mums, only more so?

Small boys don't tell, but somehow the secret leaks out, maybe 70 years later, told by some mellow octogenarian over his port: "I'll never forget what I suffered when darling Mama came to school wearing a lampshade hat." What are Thermopylae, Gallipoli, Alamein and Dunkirk to early shantras like these?

Can you be certain your loving son won't glance guiltily away in an agony of embarrassment when you arrive? Every troubled mother is vaguely haunted by the knowledge that these occasions are the supreme test of clothes sense. Small boys don't read the Court Circular or *Vogue* or *L'Officiel* with regularity. The comics they smuggle into school don't do anything towards making them fashion-conscious, either. "Is that the New Fashion?" they ask quakingly. "Are you going to wear That Hat to school?" And a hat that seemed harmless and dateless suddenly turns you into a figure of fun.

Could you go bareheaded? Depends on your hair. But remember, it always rains from the faraway car-park to the grim and glaringly lit sanctuary of the auditorium. And also, what goes for a sixth-former at Eton might utterly embarrass an under-eight at the local village school. Public opinion can be painfully condemning in any world.

If you have only one child it may not be so bad. With a little research and a flair for synthesis you may achieve the right look. But even that is hard. "All the other mothers . . ." You peer around you to take your fashion notes. What do you see? A tiny nondescript woman all in brown, with obsolete Cuban heels and a pull-on hat; beside her a twitterer in spiky heels and pastels, all veils and flowers; beside her a Boadicea in country tweeds and walking shoes. You couldn't mix them, could you? And you know in your heart how even when those clothes make *those* women fade into the landscape, they'd never do that for *you*.

Besides, even if *he* can't bear you to be too fashionable, can *you* bear to be too unfashionable? No. There must be a way of achieving both. This article is an attempt to give you some general advice, which, with a few strokes of genius on your own part, might do the trick.

The two main factors to consider are the kind of school and the age of the child. Under eight and over 16, the school probably matters more. In the great gulf between, age is all-important.

Children from eight to 12 are fierce reactionaries. Nothing showy. Never a hint of a lampshade, wig, cocoon, cossack or soufflé hat. No vibrant colours, no matter how much they accent your gay Christmas mood. No morale-lifting (for *you*) rinses in off-beat shades. No witty green fingernails. No original ways with costume jewellery. Fade, fade, fade into the background, in clothes as well-cut as you like, but as unaccented, as lacking in fashion significance, and as innocent of wit as a milk pudding.

The age of the rampant snob is from 12 to 14, and here the kind of school doesn't make much difference in principle; it only means modifications, translation into local idioms. As far as they are concerned, the only Done thing in the world is whatever is Done *there*. This is the age when children ask anxiously: Are we rich? Are we famous? Questions far harder to answer than the Facts of Life. You may be the wife of a distinguished man, but if his fame isn't general you can be suspected of swanking if you mention it, or even of downright lying. "Barker major's father hasn't heard of you," they come back and tell you accusingly.

It is best to try to answer these questions by *dressing* in the affirmative. Something very solid: a fur coat, not shaggy like lynx, or extravagant like fox, or conspicuous like leopard, but, perhaps, black or grey Persian lamb, beaver, seal (if obviously new), or a not too drippy mink. Under it a new classic suit or dress. Lowish heels. Good bag, large enough so that everybody can notice just how good it is. Classic gloves (good). Unnoticeable hat. Pale makeup hardly perceptible to the immature eye. Do you get the idea? Solid refinement. Or refined solidity.

This will do equally well for boys ending

prep or beginning public schools, or for girls at private schools. For grammar schools, especially in country districts, omit fur, add good camelhair or tweed coat (these would have got by for the last, but we're aiming at the "but more so" too, aren't we?), fur-lined boots and maybe gloves. Then either an absolutely classical hat such as have graced a shop in Piccadilly to my certain knowledge for 30 years, or else a perm, neatly and somewhat inflexibly set. No *bouffant*, glinting lights, chrysanthemums, Empires, &c.

Dandyism begins about 15, and a gentle touch of real fashion may now be ventured. Chanel-type suits, for instance, proper hairdos—anything that has been sufficiently established to make it recognizable for what it is to a sufficient number in the know.

In the late teens, especially with girls, we are facing a different problem. At the grand schools, at the finishing schools, they have a fiendish eye for the real thing. No detail escapes them. They can probably tell a Dior from an Aristoc stocking halfway across the room. They know immediately if a glove is pretending to be doeskin and isn't. To make the grade with flying colours you'll have to buy (or borrow, or worse) a *real* model suit or dress and coat from one of the Great Designers.

Your hair must be done by the most fashionable hairdressers in town (but *the*), and it doesn't matter if it gets casually blown about a bit. They *know* if it's good. And it's fatal here to look as if you were trying. Everything must be exquisite, expensive, and taken for granted. But the problem's simple, really, compared with the subtleties of those we've passed.

At progressive schools, only the age principle is at work. If you are at all adaptable it should present fewer problems than usual. You should look as though humanity and thought shaped your clothes rather than Dior. Old tweeds, duffle coats, sweaters, skirts, walking shoes, rubber boots, anything easy-looking. But it would be a serious error to arrive looking too smart, in slinky black, for instance, or anything else noticeably flaunting either the artificialities or the conventions of this world.

So far so good. But supposing you have *several* children, all at different stages, all at different schools? The clothes you'll need to do your sartorial duty for Christmas Parties, Prize Days, Parents' Days, Sports Days and so on will be almost as big a consideration as the school fees.

You'll have to have several hairdressers, too. How could you ask an artist to modify or extinguish his art? You'll have to search the country until you find one in the mood of the look you need. And find a way of getting back from your appointment without meeting too many of your fashionable friends. You'll have to have the whole gamut of make-up, several coats (including fur) in different stages of development—but why go on?

Camouflage is one of the most difficult arts, and science comes into it too. You've got quite enough to worry about as it is. Just be your own sweet self. These moments have to be lived through. People have to take each other as they find them. Even mothers and children. Anyway, thank goodness, children are very forgiving.



THE TATLER
& Bystander
10 Dec. 1958
666



POTTER Poet, author, painter and designer, Jean Cocteau has now taken up pottery, and an exhibition of his work has been held in Paris. The piece he is holding was one of those shown. Reminiscent of Picasso, it has been nicknamed "the three eyes"

PARTNERS Latest play from husband-and-wife writing team, Hugh and Margaret Williams (*Plaintiff In A Pretty Hat*), is *The Grass Is Greener* which opened at the St. Martin's Theatre last Tuesday after a successful pre-London tour. Hugh Williams also acts in the play, which is set in one of the Stately Homes of England

Angus McBean



NEWS
PORTRAITS



Alan Vines

GOLDEN WEDDING Dame Sybil Thorndike and her husband, Sir Lewis Casson, celebrate their golden wedding anniversary on 22 December while appearing at Brighton in *Eighty In The Shade*, written for them by Clemence Dane. In Leeds this week, the play opens in London on 4 January. In the picture Dame Sybil is playing the virginal. She is 76 and Sir Lewis 83



ROYAL WEDDING Crown Prince Akihito of Japan with his fiancée, Miss Michiko Shoda. Miss Shoda, the first commoner to marry into the Japanese Imperial family, met the future Emperor at a tennis match. Both are 24 years old. Miss Shoda's father is president of the Nisshin Seifun (flour milling) company

DOONE BEAL went to the Virgin Islands for the filming of *Virgin Island*, lately released in London. She became so enthusiastic about the attractions of these Caribbean isles that she describes them as

Patches of paradise

THE HARBOUR OF CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX, WITH PROTESTANT CAY IN BACKGROUND



IF YOU HAVE set your sights on the West Indies for a winter holiday, consider the Virgin Islands: a group which lies just east of Puerto Rico and which, to British visitors, is comparatively unknown.

So named by the ubiquitous Columbus after St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins, they comprise the three American islands of St. Thomas (the capital), St. John and St. Croix; and about 36 British islands, of which only ten are inhabited at all, and only two have any tourist accommodation. These are virgin indeed and visually lovely, but perhaps best enjoyed by boat: yachtsmen rate the sailing in their waters some of the best in the world.

So only the American islands can be considered strictly as resorts, and the choice, for most people, boils down to St. Thomas and St. Croix. But it is quite a choice. A mere 20 minutes' flight away from each other, they could hardly be more different. Their similarity begins and ends with a shared winter climate of 77 degrees and a Danish heritage: they were sold to the U.S. Government as recently as 1918.

So how to choose? St. Thomas, best known and most developed of the islands, offers a sophisticated night life, excellent shopping, and sailing from the little Yacht Haven. Boats can be chartered for two- and three-day cruises around the smaller islands.

The harbour town and capital of Charlotte Amalie is built on three hills (sailors used to call them Foretop, Maintop and Mizzen-top). At the back of the main street, narrow lanes climb steeply up the hillside, and many of the hill terraces are still spanned by the original flights of shallow stone steps.

Your first day, ignore the cheerful but somewhat importunate taxis. Charlotte Amalie is essentially a town to wander round on foot (comfortably shod against the



CHARLOTTE AMALIE, CAPITAL OF ST. THOMAS, AT DUSK. NIGHT LIFE HERE IS SOPHISTICATED

FORT CHRISTIANSVAERN, ST. CROIX, DATING FROM 1671. Opposite: CANNON BALLS UNDER A FLOWERING TREE

coaststones). The picturesque old terra-cotta warehouses, mostly converted into shops, run like warrens from the main street down to the harbour; boutiques and little bars line bougainvillea-hung alleys, with the sea glinting at the end. St. Thomas enjoys free-port concessions, and there are bargains to be had in liquor and French perfume, real jewellery, and Danish china and silver. You can also buy *chic* and original cotton dresses and sports clothes (all you need to wear there), and some fine Chinese silks.

It is symptomatic of St. Thomas that one of its shops, the Patio, blossoms into a little club at night. But the night life is essentially something to discover for yourself. The wide-awake visitor will soon catch the drift of knowing locals who go to dance to a steel band at the Gate on Wednesdays, or to hear a visiting calypso singer at the Trade Winds another night. The island is intimate, parochial and friendly, and one quickly becomes absorbed into its customs. For instance, you can go native at Lulu's Tavern, in the main street. It has six tables and one juke box, but excellent Creole food. Or you might visit Sebastian's, a palm-thatched bar built on stilts at the waterfront, to watch the sunset, or sup from fresh-grilled lobster at midnight (nothing in St. Thomas ever closes until the last customer leaves).

For sheer elegance of food, décor and surroundings, Mountain Top, high on the saddle of the island, is the star turn. It is worth going there just to look at the view, because the glass-walled restaurant amounts to an observatory of some dozen islands, fringed with white sand, and set in that unbelievable opal-black water.

Hotels range from the enormous, Miami-type Virgin Isles to a series of atmospheric little hosteries, notable among which are

Smith's Fancy and the Eighteen Twenty-Nine. And for the beach-loving, Bluebeard's Beach Club, some 40 minutes away from the town, where you can lead a total *cabana* existence and scarcely change out of a swimsuit. Nevertheless, the slightly chi-chi charm of St. Thomas will be best enjoyed by people who rate bright paint, bright lights and well-iced cocktails high on the list.

Not so St. Croix (though that is not to say the drinks there are not well iced, too). Its substantial, somewhat agrarian appeal lies in its air of long-accustomed civilization, its serene sense of continuity of a life that goes on with or without the tourist.

Successive occupations of Dutch, British, Spanish, French and Danes have left an almost European aroma.

Its capital, the old Danish town of Christiansted, is preserved as a national historic site. It has an operatic quality, with its 18th-century buildings, pale blue, terra-cotta, pollen yellow, clustering down to a schooner-filled harbour, backed up by a series of steeply-piled red roofs. The buildings are of old and solid masonry, cool inside, with long colonnades of shops and little bars. Through wrought-iron gates blossom the red and white hibiscus, roses, bougainvillea, angels' trumpets, the wonderfully scented night-blooming cirius, and that quaint flower called "man's change of heart," which is red at night, and white in the morning.

St. Croix does not set out to attract the tourist who likes his resort lit up in a big way, in any sense of the word. (It is said that a shopkeeper once put a neon sign over his door, but was persuaded by public opinion to remove it within the week.) But do not be put off by people who tell you it is "quiet." Apart from the cool and attractive Morningstar, it has little organized night life; but you can wander through innumer-

able little native bars in the streets, dancing to a steel band in one, a jukebox in another, or even dance in the streets themselves.

The countryside, between Christiansted at one end of the island and Fredericksted at the other, is a rolling mass of silver-plumed sugar cane, with old mills standing sentinel over the plantations. The island had a golden era of sugar prosperity under the Danes, as the old plantation houses testify.

The names of the great estates are in themselves romantic lures: Anna's Hope, Sally's Fancy, Blessing, Paradise, Upper Love, Lower Love and Jealousy. It is possible to arrange through the local tourist office to see over some of them, but one of the charms of St. Croix is the way in which many of the old buildings are not only preserved but used, and you'll find limited accommodation but an atmosphere redolent of the island's great days at the Cruzana and Richmond House, near Christiansted, and at La Grange, near Fredericksted.

The more conventional seaside hotels with outlying *cabanas* include the Buccaneer and St.-Croix-by-the-Sea, both on the spare, uncluttered north coast. My own favourites are the little old Club Comanche, in Christiansted harbour, and the hotel on the Cay, which faces it from an island, and from which you go to and fro in a rowing boat. Rates at the hotels—all of which offer a high standard of both comfort and cuisine—run between £9 and £12 a day for a double room and one main meal. High season is roughly Christmas to Easter.

TIPS FOR TRAVELLERS: Through-fare tourist return by B.O.A.C. via Bermuda, where an associate company, B.W.I.A., takes over, costs £226 7s. From Puerto Rico, you island-hop with Caribbean: round trip takes in St. Thomas and St. Croix at £9 13s. Commuting from New York, pick up the Pan-American flight to Puerto Rico (£48 6s. return, tourist).

VISCOUNT ESHER, *Chairman of the Governors of the Old Vic*:

66 I welcome your recognition that a crisis exists. Starving the arts is just as bad as starving the poor. The feeding of both is essential to a civilized nation, a nation that intends to lead the world. We have the capacity to produce the first-rate in all the arts, and in drama above all things we excel. We are Shakespeare's countrymen, and yet we are the only civilized country that has no national theatre. At this moment our three greatest actors are all working abroad, and the insignificant sums required to give them a worthy setting are spent on improving the drains. Surely the drama deserves the prestige that Covent Garden gives to music and that the Royal Academy gives to painting. Drama does not stand alone. In nearly all the arts public parsimony obstructs development. A generous gesture is required. 99



CRISIS in the ARTS



Leaders of many branches

of the arts comment

to The Tatler on the

desperate need for funds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN VINES

ARTICLE BY ALAN ROBERTS

EVERWHERE ONE GOES IN THE several worlds of the arts today there are moans about money. Ballet is broke, opera is in the red, music cannot pay its way, art galleries are reduced to living off dead men, while drama outside London's West End just scrapes along on its old shoestring or gives up the ghost.

There is, unfortunately, nothing new in the situation. Year after year the plea of poverty has been made in the reports of such national institutions as the Royal Opera House, the National and Tate Galleries, Sadler's Wells and, of course, in those of the Arts Council which has the unenviable task of trying to provide for a horde of Oliver Twists, big and small, out of the contents of a bowl that is nowhere near deep enough.

Paradoxically the situation has become critical at a time when popular interest in the arts is greater than ever. Among the people most intimately concerned both the cause

SIR HERBERT READ, poet, essayist, president of Institute of Contemporary Arts:

66 The crisis exists because there is no national or organic relationship between art and our technological civilization. We can either change that civilization and give art its natural place in society, or we can continue with our materialistic economy and pay financial tribute to the spiritual values of art. But in one way or another art must be supported because of its biological function, which is to preserve the sensuous vitality of man, on which even our rational intelligence is dependent. A subsidy for the arts, equivalent to the subsidies we lavish on science and technology, is an essential measure for national survival. It is as true now as ever that a people without vision shall perish. 99



SIR WILLIAM COLDSTREAM, Slade Professor of Fine Art, member of Arts Council:

66 In this country where there is now such widespread and rapidly growing appreciation of the arts, it is inappropriate that our museums and galleries should find themselves in constant difficulties through lack of anything approaching adequate grants and that our National Opera and Royal Ballet should have to exist precariously from year to year. I believe the time has come when the Government should reconsider the whole scale of its expenditure on the arts in the light of present-day conditions. 99

SIR PHILIP HENDY, Director, National Gallery:

66 Museum directors have to face the sad fact that bricks and mortar are much easier to obtain than works of art. There are still many well-maintained art galleries in the country that have no purchase grant to speak of. Our splendid National Gallery has a purchase grant which is anything but splendid. It's almost impossible for us to compete with the Americans under the present tax laws. As long as he promises to bequeath the picture to a museum in the U.S.A. a rich American does not have to bother what he pays for it. He is exempt from tax to the amount at which the museum values it. Other countries will have to follow suit or be stripped by Americans of all the works of art they have. 99



of and the answer to the problem are simple. High cost of everything is the villain. Public subsidy must be the saviour. The Treasury is called "parsimonious," its policy towards the arts is "a disgrace" and, compared with the practice in other countries, "unworthy of a great nation."

Recently there have been some concrete signs that the situation may be eased by contributions—"conscience money," the cynics are calling it—from commercial television. The Arts Council, in its recent report of *New Pattern Of Patronage*, attaches great importance to such contributions from industry, which it calls the Third Force of patronage. But it seems likely that only substantial increases in the subsidies from public funds can solve the present crisis.

The sort of money that is being demanded for this grand life-saving act can best be imagined by looking at some of the grants made by the Arts Council during the past year.

The Royal Opera House, for instance, is "running at a deficit which has reached alarming proportions," despite a grant of £302,000. Sadler's Wells, recently saved from more or less compulsory amalgamation with the Carl Rosa Opera Company by L.C.C. and L.T.V. grants, received £142,000. The Carl Rosa had £63,500. Subsidies to orchestral music totalled £113,000, those to the theatre, £69,692.

Altogether the Arts Council dispersed £813,000 among 125

[Continued overleaf]



SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI, conductor of the Hallé Orchestra :

66 I strongly support the suggestion made publicly by Mr. Kenneth Crickmore, manager of the Hallé Orchestra, more than 12 months ago that an inquiry should be held into the question of subsidies. The present position where British orchestras all receive differing amounts is quite ludicrous. Obviously each of the national orchestras should receive the same grant and for a fixed number of years. At the end of that period, by comparing the results, a clear picture would emerge. Until such a scheme is put into operation the present chaotic conditions will continue. 99

continued from page 671

beneficiaries ranging from the Royal Opera House to Cley-next-the-Sea Women's Institute (which had £9 8s. 8d. for a poetry festival). To those who raise their eyebrows at the figure the report points out that £16 million a year are spent on public libraries without anyone batting an eyelid.

From these figures it becomes obvious that the cost of producing opera, ballet and orchestral concerts is so high that to make them self-supporting the prices of seats, already high, would be far out of the reach of the majority. Subsidy from some source, therefore, is inevitable if Britain is to have opera, ballet and concerts of quality.

That, at any rate, is the argument put up by those on the inside

and I am in no position to dispute it. But it does seem extraordinary that these three arts should be bankrupt when their popularity is booming. Is it possible that a more business-like approach could help to resolve the problem?

The crisis in our art galleries is of a different kind but a similar degree. Here our authority is the recent report in which the Trustees and Director of the National Gallery draw the Treasury's attention to their dilemma in terms made bitter by repetition over the years.

Boldly these gentlemen ask for the Gallery's grant for the purchase of pictures, a "ludicrously unrealistic" £12,500, to be increased to £150,000. When we learn that they (or their "grandfathers") were asking for an increase to £25,000 as far back as 1917, and when we see a single picture by Cézanne selling for £220,000, the demand does not seem outrageous. Not, at least, unless you are like the man who said to me: "What do they want more pictures for? They've got lots already, haven't they?"

Recently by virtue of the new provision in the Finance Act the National Gallery acquired three great pictures which had been accepted by the Treasury in lieu of death duties. Welcome as they are, these haphazard acquisitions will only rarely, it is pointed out, help to complete the continuity of the collection, in which there are still major gaps.

To the obvious suggestion that some of the Gallery's funds might be raised by charging for admission, the Director, Sir Philip Hendy, says: "When we had an admission charge on two days a week before the war attendances fell to a quarter on those days. If we were allowed to charge now it would bring in only about £15,000 a year but the Treasury would probably think they had done their bit by allowing it."

There is a comical irony about this situation. Though the Treasury is tightfisted about money for buying pictures it is magnanimous about housing them. Extensive reconstruction of parts of the gallery have been going on for a long time and air-conditioning of all the rooms is steadily progressing. Now the adjacent Hampton's site has been bought for a million pounds. On it, one day, will rise a great extension to house all those pictures which the gallery won't have unless the purchase grant is vastly increased soon.

For, as Professor Lionel Robbins, chairman of the Trustees, explained to me: "The trend is for masterpieces to leave private owners for institutions in other countries. But the number of Old Masters is limited—and it cannot be increased by legitimate means!"

JOHN FERNALD, Principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (seen conducting a critique of students after a performance) :

66 The official mind only bothers about the arts when it confuses them with education—and thereby damns them for ever for ordinary men and women. The theatre earns its living with increasing difficulty, but there is no logical reason why it should. . . . The entertainment industry (films and commercial TV) is now giving consideration to recompensing R.A.D.A. for its halved Treasury grant. 99



DAVID WEBSTER, *General Administrator, Covent Garden.*

The Royal Opera House since 1946 has been open nearly 11 months of the year for performances of opera and ballet, the most complex of the theatrical arts and therefore the most expensive. This year Covent Garden has a subsidy of £562,000; in some European cities it is round the £1,000,000 mark. We need £500,000 and an undertaking that it will be paid for a number of years. With our basic needs satisfied we can then raise further money for ourselves. . . . 99



SIR WILLIAM EMRYS WILLIAMS, *Secretary-General, Arts Council:*

66 In recent years this country has attained remarkable standards and prestige in ballet, theatre and music. Our Royal Ballet enjoys a distinction comparable with that of the Bolshoi. The Old Vic has won a high reputation not only in its own home but in Europe and America too; the Hallé orchestra is esteemed throughout Britain and has equally roused enthusiasm behind the Iron Curtain. One could cite many more examples. Yet this notable volume and quality of achievement is being sustained on a shoestring. Little more than £1,000,000 a year of public funds is being contributed to the maintenance of opera, ballet, music and drama—about fivepence per head of the population. Some of the arts cost more to provide (and always did) than they can ever expect to take at the door. . . . We must spend more on them. 99



To the trade union secretary (John Slater) his home means nothing beside the career he leads outside it. But the anxieties of his wife (Joan Miller) are purely domestic. She sees a dire threat to her daughter's happiness in a mixed marriage

will have continuously to fight against irrational prejudice. The girl will not believe that the world can be as cruel as he paints it. Her father is a great moral bulldozer in the ordinary way of his business, and he tries a little bulldozing on the Jamaican, but it will not work. He would be willing to let the matter stop there—but he and his daughter are alike astounded at the explosive effect of the domestic crisis on his wife.

Principles are nothing to her. The thought of her daughter in the arms of a black man turns her stomach. She would rather die than see the unnatural and revolting marriage take place. Her feelings cause her bewilderment and she finds them difficult to express, but they are beyond her control. It is the scene in which she struggles hopelessly to make out her deep, only partly articulate case that is the most moving scene in the play, but Mr. Willis is well aware that it is bound to bring his main theme to the point of exhaustion. He tries to guard against the danger by causing the wife to reveal that she and her daughter are in a special relationship. While her husband has been rushing about the country on union business fulfilling his ideals and his ambitions she has been left with the growing daughter as her only interest in life. Without this occupation she could not have carried on, and the girl's happiness is all she has to show for her life's work. To the bewilderment of the girl who is simply and happily in love and the bewilderment of the wife who cannot explain her revulsion is added the bewilderment of the husband who is made aware for the first time that for 20 years or more he has been amiably blind to the needs of a loyal wife. She has always wanted a house with a bathroom, for instance, but he has insisted in his high-principled way that a trade union official does well to live in the sort of house in which he was brought up.

Here again is a problem that admits of no solution. The husband may promise to be a more imaginative husband in the future, but the wife, who has lost her daughter, is under no illusion that she has recovered a husband. Nothing now can make up to her for the wasted years, and she knows her man well enough to be sure that, whatever amendment he may promise, he can never be other than he is—an energetic trade union official really at home only in a committee room.

It may be that Mr. Willis has not quite succeeded in dovetailing his two themes. Even if he has not he has written a play that seems to me singularly true to human nature and one, I think, that will touch many people deeply. Mr. John Slater and Miss Joan Miller give fine performances as the husband and wife and they are sensitively supported by Miss Andree Melly and Mr. Lloyd Reckford as the staunch lovers.

take a personal risk on their behalf. But at close quarters, in the bosom of his family, the issue has an altogether different look. It had never occurred to him that his own daughter might fall fathoms deep in love with a black man.

He sticks to his public principles for so long as he can. Cannot the girl see that a mixed marriage will mean the loss of her friends and in all probability being driven into the overcrowded Negro quarter where a white wife will be held in contempt by black wives? Inside and outside the quarter, she



The young people, unaware of a problem until it is forced on them by others (Andree Melly and Lloyd Reckford)

THEATRE

The language of life

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

IN *Hot Summer Night* at the New Theatre Mr. Ted Willis presents two social problems. One turns on colour prejudice, the other on the conflicting claims of public work and home life on a man of limited means. These problems are presented in such a way that they admit of no solution. Mr. Willis is too honest a writer to invent solutions that do not exist, and he rests his drama—successfully, I think—on the bewilderment and shame of decent people that things should be as they are and that nothing they can do will affect the consequences. The secret of the play's emotive power is that the trade union official, his wife and the daughter who falls in love with a decent Jamaican youth are not stage types but real working-class men and women. They speak a language that we hear more often off the stage than on, and their reactions to circumstance, whether irrational or sensible, are always intensely human.

The trade union official is an energetic area secretary who has a fair chance of becoming the general secretary of his powerful union. He is a forceful chap, loud-mouthed but clear-headed, well-liked and respected by the men he represents. He may be a little short of imagination, but he is staunchly unprejudiced and high principled. Since the union cannot afford to exclude coloured workers from membership, they are, in his view, entitled to exactly the same protection as their fellow unionists, and he is ready to

Kim Novak surrounds herself with primitive art in Bell, Book and Candle—and practises it too. She casts a spell over James Stewart!

CINEMA

by ELSPEETH GRANT



The witching hour of Novak

THE PARTNERSHIP between Miss Kim Novak and Mr. James Stewart, begun in *Vertigo*, continues in *Bell, Book And Candle*—one observes that, though it does nothing for Mr. Stewart (he is invariably as good as ever he was), it may eventually do something for Miss Novak. In her, one felt, a couple of pictures back, room for improvement could be measured by the acre. She is better in this charming, polished, feather-light comedy than she has been since *Picnic*—possibly because it is once again a question of enchantment. The enchanted girl of the earlier film has become an enchantress—that is to say, Miss Novak appears as a witch, and decorative, too. If she looks from time to time, as they say, not all *there*, no doubt this is due to the visits necessarily made by her small body to some hinterland of hex-craft—to check on what's new in spells. Anyway, I didn't mind.

She runs a primitive art shop, rather crocky, in Manhattan and lives with her au pair Queenie (Miss Elsa Lanchester), a mischievous old thing not unversed in the supernatural, and her brother Nicky (Mr. Jack Lemmon), a chuckle-headed warlock (or male witch). In the apartment above the shop and quite unaware of his neighbours' talents lives Mr. James Stewart, a book publisher whom Miss Novak finds most attractive. She could, of course, cast a spell upon him that would make him hers—but it isn't much fun to win a man by witchcraft instead of by one's personal allure.

When she learns that Mr. Stewart is to marry an irritating young woman (Miss Janice Rule) who, she remembers, was a sneak at school, Miss Novak changes her mind. Through her familiar, an elegant, talented and I will even say electrifying Siamese cat named Pyewacket, Miss Novak (in her best scene) puts a spell upon Mr. Stewart. He is instantly head over heels in love with Miss Novak.

She is, for a while, the happiest witch in the world, though she feels a little guilty. The arrival in Manhattan of Mr. Ernie Kovacs, a writer on the subject of witchcraft, presages the end of the idyll. Mr. Lemmon sees at once that Mr. Kovacs is grossly ignorant: he introduces himself to the author as a genuine warlock with a witch of a sister and offers to collaborate with him on a really

sensational book which they will get Mr. Stewart to publish. Mr. Kovacs recognizes a good proposition when he sees it (though not a witch). They start work.

Miss Novak decides she must reveal her true nature to Mr. Stewart—and does. He is at first incredulous, later furious—and he rushes off, on Mr. Lemmon's advice, to Miss Hermione Gingold, the great high-priestess of the witchcraft racket, who brews him a potion, as nauseous as it is expensive, which breaks Miss Novak's spell and leaves him free to choose a girl-friend for himself. It is only when she cries and blushes that Miss Novak again qualifies—for witches, who can neither cry nor blush, are also incapable of love, and one would hate to see Mr. Stewart stuck with somebody like that. But would he be?

Mr. Daniel Taradash, who wrote this pleasing screen version of Mr. John van Druten's play, told me he firmly believes in witches and can identify one on sight—but even he had not noticed that Mr. Stewart's bare feet—glimpsed momentarily in the

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE—James Stewart, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, Hermione Gingold, Elsa Lanchester, Ernie Kovacs. From the play by the late John van Druten. Directed by Richard Quine.

THE STAIN ON THE SNOW—Daniel Gelin, Valentine Tessier, Marie Mansart. Directed by Luis Saslavsky. "X" Certificate.

MAN OF THE WEST—Gary Cooper, Julie London, Lee J. Cobb, Arthur Connell. Directed by Anthony Mann.



film, are (hush!) those of a warlock. I wonder if you will?

The daring thing about *La Neige Etais Sale* (translated as *The Stain On The Snow*), well directed by M. Luis Saslavsky, is that it ventures to suggest that not everybody engaged in the French Resistance movement was a hero: some were, in fact, opportunists, black-marketeers, even plain murderous thugs. In case it should bring all the honourable members of the Resistance into disrepute, the film has been banned from us for three years. I can't believe it could ever have the sort of effect envisaged—the central character, played by M. Daniel Gelin, must so obviously represent a small minority, the ingrown moron.

He was born out of wedlock and so is naturally a bitter, mixed-up kid. (I don't know why "naturally.") Some people seem to have been able to rise above the humiliation and the horror. Wasn't there, if I remember rightly, a chap called Leonardo da Vinci? During the German Occupation he sees a chance to wash away with blood the chip that he has on his shoulder.

He stabs a drunken German soldier in the back and steals his gun. Armed and brave, he leads a black market boss (revoltingly well played by M. Daniel Invernel) to the home of his old foster-mother, to rob her of the musical clocks he played with as a child, and to murder her. He lives in the brothel now run by his mother (a good performance from Mlle. Valentine Tessier) and makes brutal use of her employees. All the same a pure young girl (Mlle. Marie Mansart, very virginal), who lives opposite, falls in love with him. His immediate, charming gesture is to betray her into the arms of M. Invernel.

That, having been arrested by and escaped from the Gestapo, M. Gelin will be promptly and cheerfully betrayed, in his turn, by one of the prostitutes (Mlle. Nadine Baxile, of the sinister, inward smile) is only to be expected

—and will be welcomed by many. The entire action takes place in the dead of winter; it left me cold.

Mr. Gary Cooper, looking unduly poker-faced (unless that rumoured face-lifting is to blame?), plays a reformed gunman in *Man Of The West*. He stays that way to the end, despite the determined and dastardly attempts of his uncle (Mr. Lee J. Cobb) and pals to corrupt him. Miss Julie London sobs a lot but doesn't sing.

Gary Cooper rides the range again in Man Of The West, this time as a former desperado going straight

BOOKS I AM READING

Marston Moor—and you are there

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

MISS C. V. WEDGWOOD, whose heart is gentle and not at all militant, has an imagination set on fire by English battlefields. In *The King's War* (Collins, 35s.)—the second volume of her great history of the Civil War—the desperate, sad, muddled battles might have happened yesterday; and I am convinced she knows the exact position of every 17th-century gorse bush on Marston Moor.

Being not so much as the shadow of an historian, all I dare say about this important book is that it is exciting, moving, and a joy to read—narrative history written with passion, pace and judgment in a style as clear and refreshing as spring water. When history is well written, and with this sort of sympathy of imagination, only the best fiction can stand up against it.

The book is beautifully produced and full of stunning portraits. The most beautiful are those of doomed and silky cavaliers with enormous, liquid dark eyes, and the best of all, Prince Rupert by Gerard Honthorst, an intellectual, proud Prince Charming in curls and armour.

Miss Wedgwood, whose loyalty is truly with the Cavaliers, admits frankly to “describing the war as the defeat of the King rather than as the victory of Parliament.” Meanwhile, Cromwell looms in the wings for a star entrance in the third volume.

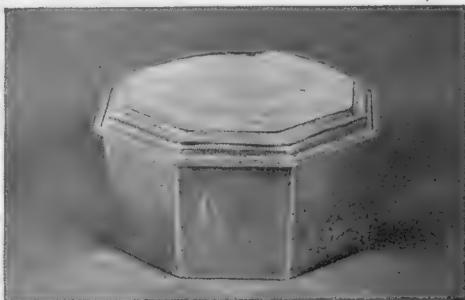
Angus Wilson's new novel, *The Middle Age Of Mrs. Eliot* (Secker & Warburg, 18s.), is always immensely easy to read. It is about a rich, happily married, popular woman who suddenly finds herself without husband, money or occupation, and no longer young. The novel is crowded with people, the dialogue convinces, the manipulation of pace, events and variation in mood is excellently done. Perhaps only one's continual high expectations of Mr. Wilson are responsible for the slight feeling of disappointment—this, and the fact that, for me at least, Meg Eliot obstinately remains an archetype of lonely middle-age instead of a real, particular woman. At any rate the horrifying facts of loneliness and the struggle to adjust to brutally changed circumstances, are painfully convincing in these pages.

Meantime, I hope we have not seen the last of Mr. Wilson as entertainer, master of the barbed, alarming short story, recorder of shadowy worlds and their curious dialects. The long, extended novel is as seductive as the sirens' song to writers, and sometimes I could wish for a ration of ear-plugs all round.

The Rack, by A. E. Ellis (Heinemann, 18s.) is an extraordinary, more than slightly appalling, and admirably written novel which consists of a detailed analysis of the hero's slow and painful tubercular decay in a French sanatorium. Agonizing to read, it is nevertheless remarkably cool, ironic, untearful, even at times wildly funny. It is

a dreadful and brave study of the will to live, and a full-length picture of a man with an obsession—the progress of his own disease, a thing with a life of its own. Anyone who thought T.B. as a literary theme went out with *The Lady Of The Camellias* should read *The Rack* and think again. Those with a taste for peach-pink candlelit fiction should probably steer cautiously right round it.

I am puzzled by *A Painter Of Our Time* (Secker & Warburg, 18s.) by John Berger, who is one of the best—and certainly the most ferociously controversial—art critics



A CHINESE PATTERN decorates this octagonal box from a Charles II toilet set. One of the illustrations in the Connoisseur Year Book, 1959 (25s., National Magazine Co., Ltd.)

now writing. It is a novel in the form of a journal kept by a Hungarian *émigré* painter working in London, with comments and interpolations by John Berger, “his friend.” Thus it combines fictitious and living characters and thoroughly confuses at least one reader. The blurb seems to indicate that the first impulse behind the book was to create a convincing portrait of a painter, a notoriously difficult task that has stumped many novelists before now. Mr. Berger is clearly aiming at doing a good deal more than this, else why pick this particular painter with this particular set of contemporary problems? All through this entertaining, continuously stimulating and prickly book I wondered why the author had not written a perfectly straightforward book for the non-fiction shelves, a collection of his own direct opinions on art, politics and social conditions in 1958.

It's a small quibble, but I feel discouraged when the jacket claims that the journal “adds up to a living testimony as absorbing as the journals of Delacroix.” The point of Delacroix's Journals is that Delacroix lived and painted, and . . . but there it is. Mr. Berger wanted to write a book in this form, and little can be more infuriating than being arbitrarily told by a reviewer that you should have put all that labour and sweat into some totally different pattern. All the same, had it been Mr. Berger's own journal, now . . .

Briefly . . . I enjoyed *Elizabeth Of The German Garden* (Heinemann, 25s.) by Leslie

de Charms, a biography of a writer whose books I read a long time ago and still cherish, though it is, I think, now old-fashioned to do so. The book is perhaps over-sweet for such an astringent, sharp-tongued and determined subject, but the material is fascinating (both E. M. Forster and Hugh Walpole were briefly tutors to the Countess von Arnim's children, and wrote characteristic accounts of their troubled missions). . . . Carola Oman's *David Garrick* (Hodder & Stoughton, 42s.) is a gigantic, vastly enjoyable picture of Garrick's times, with himself at the centre, full of gossip and marvellous detail. I think continuously, with joy, of Garrick's widow, writing with nerveless brevity to Kean, “Dear Sir, You cannot act Abel Drugger,” to which the reply whizzed back, “Madam, I know it, Yours E. Kean.” . . . Anyone who cannot have too much—as I cannot—of the way people lived, what they did, what food they ate, what parties they gave, should make for *The Small German Courts In The Eighteenth Century*, by Adrien Faucheir-Magnan (Methuen, 32s.) which is crammed with delicious information. . . . *Marlborough's Duchess* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 25s.), by Louis Kronberger is good entertaining historical biography on a superb subject. . . . *Max's Nineties*, with an introduction by Osbert Lancaster (Hart-Davies, 30s.) is a beautiful picture-book of Max Beerbohm's most elegantly waspish portraits, beside which our own cartoonists look like angels of mercy and forbearance. . . . Maybe the short stories of Elizabeth Taylor collected in *The Blush* (Peter Davies, 15s.) do not exactly plumb life to its lowest depths, but in their sweet-sour, delicate, nervous way they are as tempting as the best kind of peppermint cream in bitter chocolate. . . . Opera addicts should read *The Age Of Jean De Reszke* by P. G. Hurst (Christopher Johnson, 30s.), full of splendid even if badly printed illustrations (my favourite, the majestic Ravagli sisters as Orfeo and Eurydice in 1890, Eurydice particularly looking as gracious and calm as Queen Alexandra). . . . Susan Chitty's *Diary Of A Fashion Model* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) is funny enough, and bloodthirstily accurate enough, to bring perfumed tears to the eyes of any who have put so much as a timid toe into the world where her innocent, plucky heroine strays.

I can't guess what lay readers, so to speak, will make of it, but at all events it is a sharp and lethal little counterblast to all those noble, modest, blood-sweat-and-tears handbooks called, “It Takes Guts To Be A Top Model” and “How I Fought My Way Into Haute Couture.” . . . Mothers with desperately leisured children home for the hols, must buy two admirable books on occupational therapy, *Good Housekeeping's Children's Cook Book* (National Magazine Co., 15s.) with pictures to show you how, and Theodora Fitzgibbon's *The Young Cook's Book* (Deutsch, 10s.) an absolutely splendid book with top marks for clarity, good sense, printing “Always ask permission before you light the stove” at the top of each new recipe, and its deep, practical understanding of human nature (“Leave peppermint creams to dry for 12 hours. You can eat them before this, but if you leave them to dry first they will be firm and like the ones you buy in a shop.”)



FASHION IN FURS

It starts with the skins

LONDON is the centre of the world's fur trade, and the centre of the trade in London is Beaver House, headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. International auctions conducted there sometimes last as long as a fortnight and dispose of up to 315,000 raw skins from all parts of the world. The buying, done by lots (all the skins having been inspected beforehand), is concealed. Only the auctioneer Mr. Robert Goad (*see picture above*) knows to whom a lot has been knocked down. Bidding is done by the flick of an eyelash, a twitch of the mouth. No buyer wants his rival to know what he has bought. Mr. Goad, who must know the name of every buyer in the room (there are often as many as 400), has "spotters" beside him to help him locate the "nervous ties" which may be worth thousands. The buyers wear white coats in the vaults (*see picture on left*, showing a buyer inspecting musquash) to protect their suits from fur fluff. The end product of these labours is shown in the following fashion pages.

ON THIS PAGE, *the skins*. On the cover and overleaf, *the finished clothes*. The cover girl wears a rich Emba Diadem mink coat by Bradleys (about 2,678 gns.). Under it she wears a short cream evening dress by Victor Stiebel. Jewellery by Jewelcraft (at Marshall & Snelgrove). Her transport to Covent Garden is a vehicle to match all this magnificence—a Rolls-Royce



THE TATLER

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FUR steps out of this world



*In six pages of pictures the world's finest furs are shown in a setting of make-believe —the underwater realm of the ballet *Ondine* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden*

The mortal in the sea kingdom (*left*) retains her worldly assurance with a cape-stole in Azurine Emba mink, the very newest shade. The skins with a pure white ground are flecked with silver-grey markings. By Maxwell Croft, New Bond Street, price: 485 gns. Her ball dress of richly embroidered blue-grey satin comes from Harrods "Little Room," the jewellery from Jewelerart. On this page, before the magic fountain from which Ondine appears during the first act of the ballet, the immortals are dazzled by a great six-skin stole of Arctic fur mounted on white chiffon. Also from Maxwell Croft: 129 gns.



Magnificent skins of ranch mink are used for this coat in the highest of high fashion. The tightly cuffed sleeves push up to the elbow and a ribbon of brown velvet gathers the fullness in front into a high line below the bust. The full back is allowed to hang free. From Albert Hart, Curzon Street, W.1, price: 1,075 gns.



In furs mink still tops the popularity poll and among colours most in demand Sapphire—pale grey-blue with silver overtones—ranks high. This full-length coat with its turn-back cuffs and rounded, beautifully worked shoulders, is made by Zwirn of Princes Street, W.1. The price: approximately £1,750

Sable or mink?
A choice for the few



With the drop in price of raw skins over recent years Russian sable, most luxurious of all furs, is regaining its popularity and being chosen by wealthy women as a welcome and exclusive alternative to mink. This full-length coat (they are made only to special order) was made by Deanfield, Grafton Street, W.1. Price is in the region of 3,500 gns.



Left: Emba Jasmin mink, as white as snow, is one of the most sought-after evening furs. These perfect skins are responsible in large part for the decline in popularity of white ermine which is not so hard wearing and tends to lose the purity of its whiteness. This jacket stole is made by Tamara, New Bond Street. The price: about £650

Below: Chinchilla, one of the rarest and most costly of furs, was bred at one time only in America but now there are a growing number of breeders over here. It is a soft, sensuous fur shading gradually in its markings from pale to dark grey. This stole is made by the National Fur Company, price: £1,210. The crystal ropes are from Jewelcraft

Michel Molinare





Below: Most spectacular of evening furs, Arctic fox is also the least expensive and is again climbing in popularity. This straight stole from the National Fur Company, Brompton Road, S.W.3, is made of four pure white skins, price: £175. Dress of cyclamen satin embroidered with gold thread and brilliants is from Harrods Little Room

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Har
A generous 22-skin ranch mink stole
absolutely straight, enabling it to
be worn many different ways. The skins
are beautifully worked. Made by Tamara
at Bond Street, price: about £475.
Bronze satin dress embroidered with
bugle beads and diamanté from
Harrods Little Room. Jewels by Jewelfraft

Four ways with a stole





IT COULD BE FOR YOU IF...

You want that winter sparkle

Deep larkspur blue, to brighten the eye of the beholder, soft brushed wool, to keep the wearer warm, go to make these two sweaters and the toning skirt in Munrospun's "Morning Haze" wool. Photographed in the intimate atmosphere of the Marcel Restaurant in Sloane Street they can all be bought (together with the accessories) at Harrods, Knightsbridge. *Left:* A long sweater with full-length sleeves and the very popular Y-neck. The price is £3 13s. 6d. and you can choose from a number of colours for both the sweater and the straight skirt which has fan pleats at front and back and is priced at 7½ gns. The gilt snake necklace costs £2 7s. 6d., the matching bracelet £1 15s. and the gilt button earrings 12s. 6d. *Right:* A cardigan with the long look, high-buttoning to the neck. Here the top button is left unfastened to show a brilliant contemporary-coloured silk scarf. The cardigan costs £3 10s. 6d., the sweater scarf 1s. 9d. The gilt snake bracelet twisted generously around the wrist is priced at £1 15s., the gilt "twist" bracelet, £1 3s. 6d. and the mesh bangle, 15s. 6d.



Below: Close-up view of the shoes to wear with your winter look, dark brown calf by Bally with a medium stacked heel. From a selection of casuals obtainable at Harrods, Knightsbridge, this pair costs 6 gns.



Photographs by Peter Alexander

BEAUTY

Facing up to winter

by JEAN CLELAND



FIRST. Wash thoroughly with soap and water



SECOND. Clean again with a liquefying cream



THIRD. Stimulate with skin freshener

SALON treatments are concentrating on the skin—deep cleansing, toning and nourishing—and on the eyes, to refresh them after the summer dust and sun, and fortify them against the harsh winds to come.

Those who can get to a salon for a few expert treatments would be well advised to do so. To lie back and have face and eyes treated by skilful hands is not only rewarding but restful. Others who either live at a distance or cannot spare much time may be glad to know of a few simple and effective ways in which their looks may be refreshed, restored and revitalized at home.

First important item in the reconditioning programme is deep cleansing, which is the finest way I know of giving the skin renewed radiance. Some salons advocate soap and water, others a cleansing cream or liquid. But for a thorough "Autumn Clean," I agree with Yardley who advise both. Here is their method which is simple, quick and thorough.

For Dry Skin. Make a good big lather with Yardley's oatmeal complexion soap and work well into the skin. To get it deep into the pores, it is quite a good idea to use an ordinary shaving brush and work up the lather with a circular movement all over the face. Rinse off the soap, then give a second cleansing with Dry Skin cleansing cream. Remove with tissues, and follow with skin freshener to close the pores, or—for older women—Captive Beauty, which, in addition to stimulating, has a firming and uplifting effect.

For Oily Skin. Wash as before with any of the Yardley perfumed soaps in place of the oatmeal soap. Next, cleanse with liquefying cleansing cream. Lastly, tone with astringent lotion or apply the Captive Beauty.

After deep cleansing and toning comes nourishing, which is also of great importance. For this purpose, you may like to know of an excellent cream, just brought out by Elizabeth Arden, which short-circuits lengthy methods and does good restoration work quickly. Having tried it myself when my skin was feeling dry and wrinkly after a late holiday in the hot sun, I feel that it is aptly named *Creme Extraordinaire*.

I was interested to find out what makes it so effective and why it works so speedily, and was told that in addition to rich light oils, it contains special ingredients that restore the life and tone of the skin. Quickly absorbed, it smoothes, moisturizes, and at the same time neutralizes acid conditions where they exist. This makes it wonderfully

good for the acid kind of dry flaky skin, but it is also beneficial to an oily skin because of the inclusion of still another ingredient with a mildly stimulating action that improves coarse texture.

So much for the skin. Now for the eyes, which, whether one realizes it or not, do feel the after-effects of summer strain for a considerable time. An eye-bath once a day with a good lotion does much to soothe and refresh them. If you are travelling or visiting, a good way of applying it is by means of the Optone Drops. These come in a little polythene bottle which can be easily carried in the handbag.

For refreshment before going out in the evening, Optrex compresses, already impregnated with lotion, are hard to beat. These, laid over the closed lids for a few minutes, bring a new sparkle to the eyes. They can now be had in a new pack containing one individual compress, convenient for tucking into a bag. Or if you prefer it for home use, you can get 12 compresses in a new container with an attractive design that looks nice on the bathroom shelf, or on the dressing table.

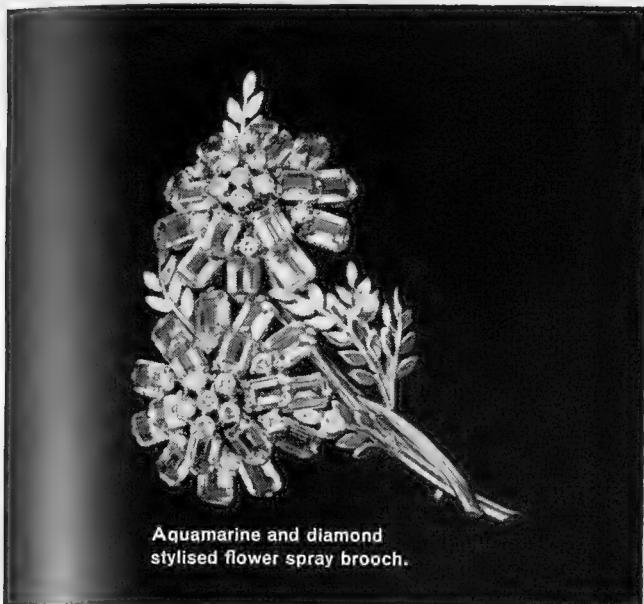
So great has been the success of Helen Rubinstein's *Mascaramatic*, that she has now made a smart gold-coloured refill, that screws neatly into the applicator. In this



NEW. A blue-green eyeshadow by Cyclax

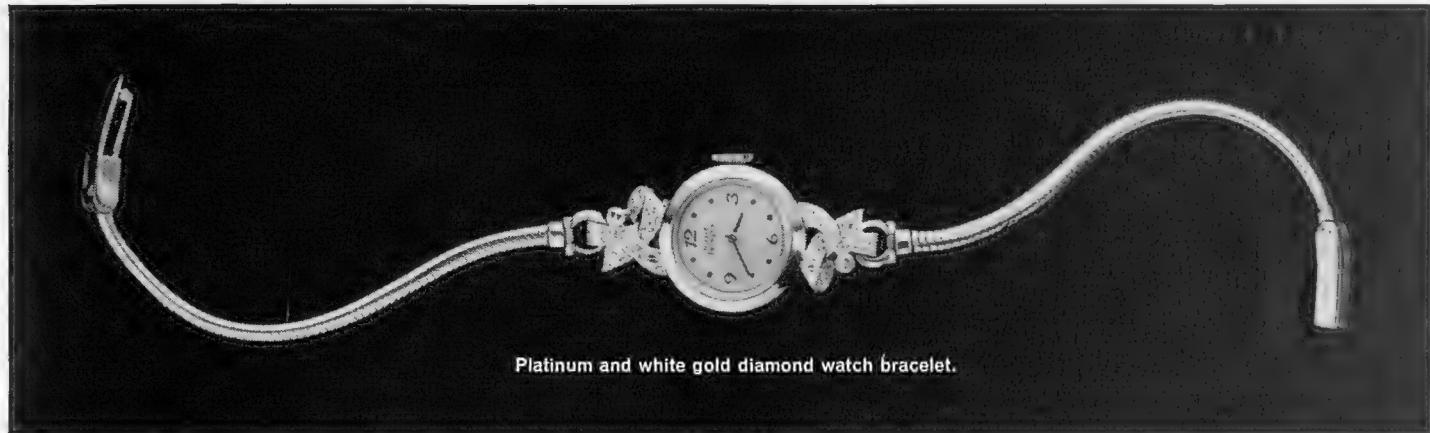
way it is possible to change your *Mascaramatic* to suit your wardrobe. The product is a recent discovery by Helena Rubinstein, which allows waterproof mascara to be applied automatically without a brush. Companion piece is the matching Everpoint propelling eyebrow pencil. This carries its own concealed sharpener, and is refillable. It can be had in black, brown, blue and grey.

Something else in the way of eye make-up is a glamorous eye shadow from Cyclax. This is a subtle shade of blue-green, which, applied lightly, is charmingly delicate for day and, used a little more strongly, takes on an extra depth for evening.



Aquamarine and diamond
stylised flower spray brooch.

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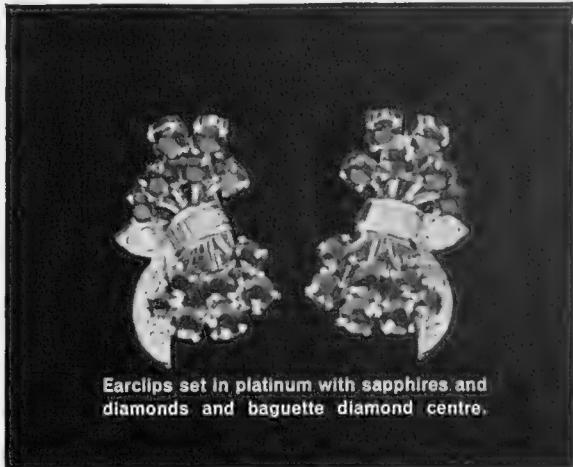


Platinum and white gold diamond watch bracelet.



Left: Ring set in
platinum with sapphire
and diamonds.

Right: Ring set in
platinum with aquamarine
and diamond shoulders.



Earclips set in platinum with sapphires and
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Bells to hang on the tree. Silver (top) £1 1s., gold (left) 10s. 6d., green (bottom) 6s. 11d.
All decorations from Harrods



The angel head costs £1 9s. 11d., the angel with violin, £1 15s. 6d., and the third one, £2 9s. 6d.

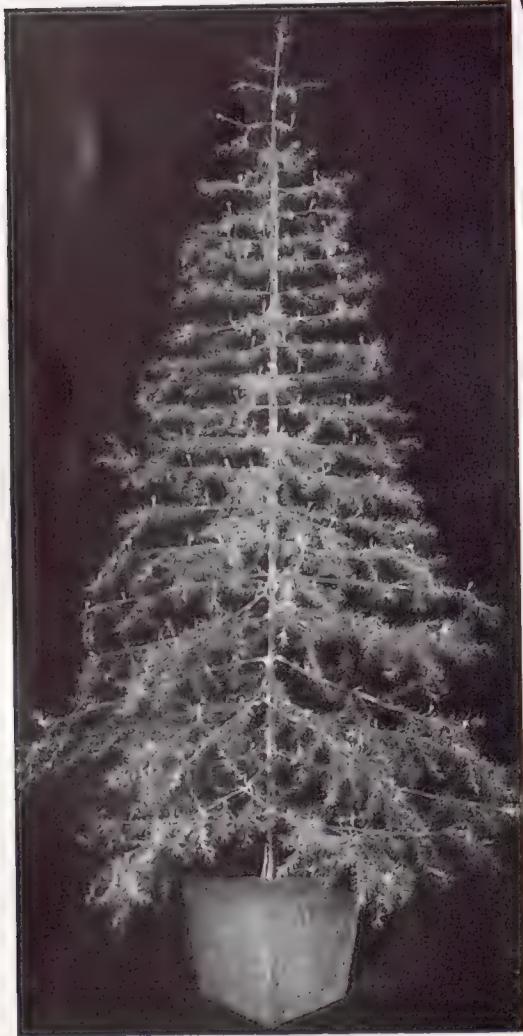


Gnomes made from fir cones camp round the base of an artificial tree (£5 5s.)

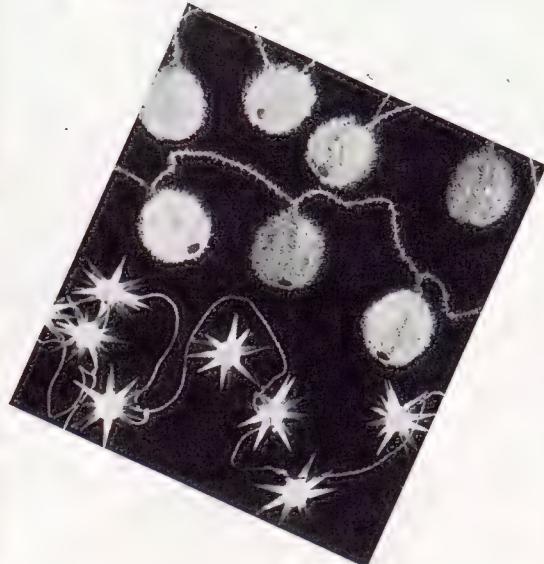
SHOPPING

Baubles, bells and trees

by JEAN STEELE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENNIS SMITH



Left: This 8-ft. Christmas tree in silver Terylene (£22 19s. 6d.) is decorated with tiny lights (set of 40, £1 19s. 6d.). Above: Two sets of lights. The silver gooseberry ones cost £3 3s. and the sputniks, £3 5s.



A shopping time-saver, this tree is sold decorated and it is fixed on a musical stand (£6 15s.)

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MOTORING

The Swedish way with winter

by GORDON WILKINS

AS THE SEASON of fog, frost, snow and ice arrives, oil should be changed to winter grade, lamps should be checked, anti-freeze added to the radiator, and tyres inspected for sound treads. These are the minimum precautions, but to see how the experts do it I went over to Sweden early this year.

Previously I had known Sweden only during the brief but magical northern summer when the light never fades entirely from the sky and sleeping seems a waste of time. But when my plane touched down at Gothenburg the runways were covered with snow and the temperature was -14 deg. C. or +8 deg. F.—which is cold whichever way you calculate it. However, the snow ploughs had done a good job and traffic was flowing freely over the smooth frozen snow in the crisp air of a starry night.

Long hard winters have produced an efficient technique for cold-weather motoring. A powerful heater is essential and there is often a small electric fan at the rear to prevent misting and eventual icing on the rear window. Frost forms quickly, both inside and outside, so most

drivers carry a small plastic scraper to remove it and many of them clip plastic covers over windscreen and rear window when they park their cars. All Swedish-built cars have radiator blinds, which are pulled up as soon as the car stops. Many cars are out in the open all year round and they often have an immersion heater in the cooling system which can be plugged into an electric socket in the wall of the house. At the motel run by the Swedish R.A.C. near Helsingborg, every parking bay has an electric heater point.

Over here I think Jensen is the only car manufacturer to fit an immersion heater as standard, but models suitable for fitting in the lower radiator hose are marketed by Bray and Key Leather.

Sweden is a narrow country 950 miles long, and a motorist at Malmö in the extreme south is as near to Rome as he is to the northern tip of his own country, so they cruise at 40-50 m.p.h. over snow and ice. They use snow tyres with a prominent, heavily buttressed tread or a normal tread with thousands of cuts so fine that they are almost

[Continued on page 692]



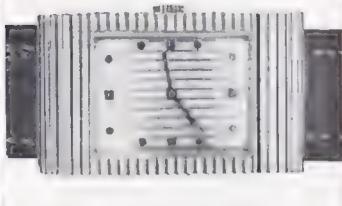
NIGHTS OUT IN THE SNOW are normal for cars in Scandinavia. These three, a Volvo, a Volkswagen and an Opel, represent three of the top-sellers on the Swedish market



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H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh
Jewellers

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Lady's 18 ct. gold watch bracelet

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WINTER MOTORING in Sweden. A Jaguar amid snow and fir trees

continued from page 691

invisible. For extreme conditions there is a special chain sunk into a single groove round the centre of the tyre. There is a widespread belief that big wheels reduce wheelspin and skidding and all Swedish Volvos have 15-inch wheels. But there are still occasional excursions into the ditch and a lot of people use safety belts, fittings for which are provided on both Volvo and SAAB cars.

However, even the Scandinavian cold-weather drill is not infallible. A Swedish colleague was delayed a half-hour because the garage hand hosing down his car had filled the door locks with water, which later froze. Efforts to heat the handles with matches and a cigarette lighter were unsuccessful and the locks had to be thawed out with a blow lamp. This can usually be prevented by spring-loaded flaps over the keyholes, as now fitted on several British makes.

Rutted snow can give a very rough ride and shock absorbers are therefore regarded as expendable. Exhaust systems also have a short life because of bombardment by stones, and corrosion from cold starts.

Incidentally, car stealing is quite a problem in Sweden. Every car must carry a small transfer on a side window to indicate that it is fitted with an ignition or steering lock approved by the police; otherwise the owner must pay the first £35 or so of every theft claim on his insurance.

There is now a large selection of winter tyres on the British market, some with thousands of tiny holes in the tread to increase the grip on slippery surfaces. Rally competitors use them and

only resort to chains to extricate themselves from difficult predicaments—such as the traffic jams in deep snow and the narrow lanes which were such a surprising feature of this year's R.A.C. Rally.

Thanks to the enterprise of a couple of companies which began selling ethylene glycol anti-freeze conforming with Government specifications last winter at a fraction of the price ruling for branded mixtures based on the same material, the price of branded anti-freeze using glycol has tumbled. There is now plenty of choice at reasonable prices and consequently less temptation to try to make a charge last more than one season. The radiator should be flushed out and a new supply of anti-freeze poured in at the beginning of the winter, because the corrosion inhibitor in it becomes exhausted after a time and the ethylene glycol can break down into glycolic acid, which may eventually eat away the metal of water pump and cylinder head.

On the whole we tend to put up with the winter; other people set out to defeat it. The difference was summed up as I stepped from the snowbound streets and the breath-taking cold into the warmth of the famous Henriksberg restaurant in Gothenburg. Dominating the scene was a big fruit tree in full blossom. It had been brought indoors to bloom months ahead of time—an enchanting vision of spring in mid-winter.

PICTURES FROM TURIN of two Lancia cars (this column: 26 Nov.) had the caption transposed. The car described as a Lancia Appia, designed by Vignale, was in fact the Flaminia and vice versa. This was a transmission error.



THE MANAGING DIRECTOR'S CAR

THE NEW 4 LITRE

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

SS
Star Sapphire

The new Star Sapphire is tailor-made for the man at the top: the man who demands absolute efficiency, sparkling performance and club chair comfort. A powerful new 4 litre engine—bench tested alongside famous aero engines—gives him all the power, acceleration and top speed he can possibly want. New Borg-Warner fully automatic transmission and power-assisted steering give effortless two-pedal driving in town or on the open road.

Race-proven disc brakes on the front wheels ensure safe and powerful braking under any conditions.

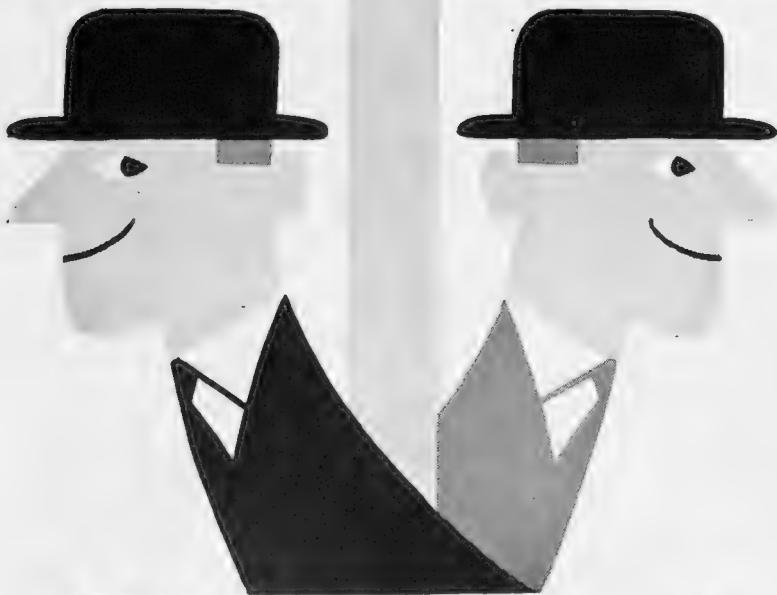
Comforts? More luxurious upholstery, adjustable armrests on the front doors, rear compartment heater—these and many other refinements make this new car superb for the man who drives because he loves it or because he must.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS, Coventry, Member of the Hawker Siddeley Group



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EAST
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RECORDS

Vintage specials

by GERALD LASCELLES

SINCE THE hey-day when the record companies first introduced the long-player, the number of historical jazz reissues has dwindled to a trickle. This should not imply apathy on the part of the collector, but neglect on the part of the issuers. I have been hesitant in the past to dwell at great length on the merits of the vintage jazz which stems back to fundamentals, but the outstanding series of *Treasures Of North American Negro Music*, released by Fontana in excellently presented EP form, deserves attention. Some of the religious ingredients which were fused into early jazz become apparent in the singing of Blind Willie Johnson; his use of Biblical material sung to a simple but beautiful guitar accompaniment is of outstanding value in tracing the traditional association between gospel singing and jazz as it manifested itself in the blues.

In the same series, Clarence Williams's 1928 band play some astonishingly clear blues, well constructed and defined in the way that one associates with Jelly Roll Morton. Williams, working in New York in the aftermath of King Oliver's first big band, concentrated on studio work, and consequently was able to pick the best musicians available. This EP features the work of Coleman Hawkins and Buster Bailey.

The Philips selectors are also to be congratulated on their generous ration of historic records—two *Armstrong Hot Five* EP volumes, a splendid *New Orleans Wanderers* set which includes Johnny Dodds and Kid Ory in their 1926 prime, and the magnificent Bessie Smith, singing with Fletcher Henderson's Hot Six such gems as *Cake-walkin' Babies* and *There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight*.

A more recent immortal was guitarist Django Reinhardt. His

leadership of the French set of jazzmen from 1935 is epitomized by his superb playing with the Quintet of the Hot Club of France. There is a thrumming magic about this sort of jazz which seems to be equally palatable to the patrons of both the ancient and modern cult. Perhaps it is partly his complete rejection of the electric guitar and its attendant devices. For whatever reason, he triumphs above triteness in the interpretation of some ordinary material on his *Oriole* LP. I often wonder why it is that no other gypsies (for that is what Django was born) have ever migrated to the jazz sphere.

Reinhardt does not fit into the description of "primitive," whereas Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, two blues singers who accompany themselves on harmonica and guitar respectively, must be ranked in this class. Their *Nixa* LP was recorded in London last May, and is notable for the presence of the Dankworth pianist, Dave Lee, as the only accompanist. I get the impression that he had uphill work, owing to the singers' inability to sing a tune in any predictable key from start to finish. The results are impressive in their curious way, and the country blues performances of original material do much to explain the present skiffle influence which prevails in English amateur circles.

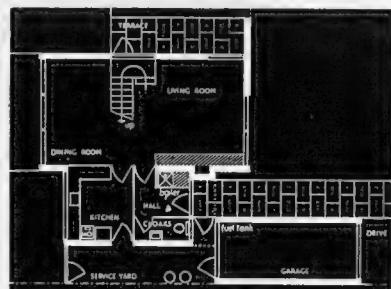
Texan Ernestine Washington found it necessary to make a transatlantic trip to gain recognition as a singer. Her first major appearance was in Sweden, where she recorded for Nixa some typical FitzGerald/Holiday material. I find too much copying of contemporary influence for this to be in the top flight but it is a clear statement of the fact that we cannot produce in Europe a jazz singer to match even the embryo artists on the other side of the Atlantic.

SELECTED RECORDS

- BLIND WILLIE JOHNSON. *Treasures of North American Jazz*, Vol. 2. E.P. Fontana TFE17052 12s. 10½d.
- CLARENCE WILLIAMS'S JAZZ KINGS. *Treasures of North American Jazz*, Vol. 3. E.P. Fontana TFE17053 12s. 10½d.
- NEW ORLEANS WANDERERS. E.P. Philips BBE12204. 12s. 10½d.
- BESSIE SMITH. *Empress of the Blues*. Philips BBE12202. 12s. 10½d.
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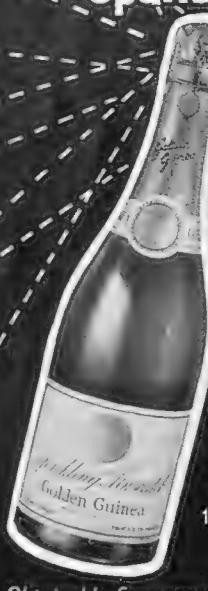
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DINING OUT

Two kinds of travel

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

I TOOK a glance at the dining scene at sea during a short weekend spent on the Greek Line Q.S.S. *Arkadia* which operates a regular North Atlantic service between Canada, Ireland, England, France and Germany, and seasonal sunshine cruises.

On this occasion the *Arkadia* had arrived at Tilbury from Germany populated with a considerable number of Germans who were emigrating to Canada. It was destined to stop at Le Havre for a few hours and then start off for Montreal. I slipped off at Le Havre and came back next day by normal routes to Southampton.

Several things on the *Arkadia* were of great interest. It was obvious that 90 per cent of the people on this trip were travelling tourist, but I had the greatest difficulty in deciding which was tourist accommodation and which was first-class. The only answer was that the tourist accommodation is nearly first-class. Anyway, there was every facility for comfort and enjoyment on this 20,000-ton ship that you could wish.

I had a long talk with Angelo Aragiamis, the provisions master, and Kurt Felsman, the maître chef, who presented me with two immense brochures giving details of the menu for lunch and dinner, first-class and tourist, day by day for the entire voyage. I suppose this is a necessary piece of planning as you can't suddenly buy Brussels sprouts in the middle of the Atlantic.

There was nothing on earth you could not have on the first-class menu, from English roast beef with sauce Cambridge or roast Wicklow chicken, to smoked Westphalian and boiled Prague ham. For dinner, I personally chose roast Vierland duckling served with baked apple and a *My fancy salad*, unusual and very good. The tourist menu was much simpler, but entirely adequate.

The wine list, I thought, was a

muddle. It made no differentiation between the countries of origin so you found yourself with a list, part of which read "Chateau Pavie, Madeira, Meursault, and Marsala" in sequence, and it is more than possible that some people would have no idea that one was a claret from Bordeaux, one a fortified wine from an island in the Atlantic, one a white wine from Burgundy and the last a wine from the south of Spain. What was even more peculiar was that these particular wines were all priced at 2 dollars a bottle, say 13s. 6d. each, whereas over here the difference in price of these wines is enormous.

There were five Greek table wines available at 1 dollar 50 cents, including an old friend of mine *Macrodaphni*.

It was a gay, comfortable and friendly ship.

From travels in a boat to travels in a book. Two years ago a very good friend of mine presented me with what, by normal standards, is an expensive volume—Samuel Chamberlain's *Bouquet de France*—which cost the poor wretch £3 5s. but it has been my constant companion ever since.

When I suffer from nostalgia for a country to which I have long been devoted, I can, with the aid of this magnificently produced affair, recapture much of its charm by wandering through its 600 pages, its mass of photographs and sketches, and return to places I have visited and to restaurants where I have experienced gastronomic marvels, some of which I have been able to reproduce in my own home because it gives all the recipes.

Samuel Chamberlain has done it again and a companion volume has appeared—*Italian Bouquet*, an Epicurean Tour of Italy (Hamish Hamilton, London, 75s.). It is my first Christmas present.

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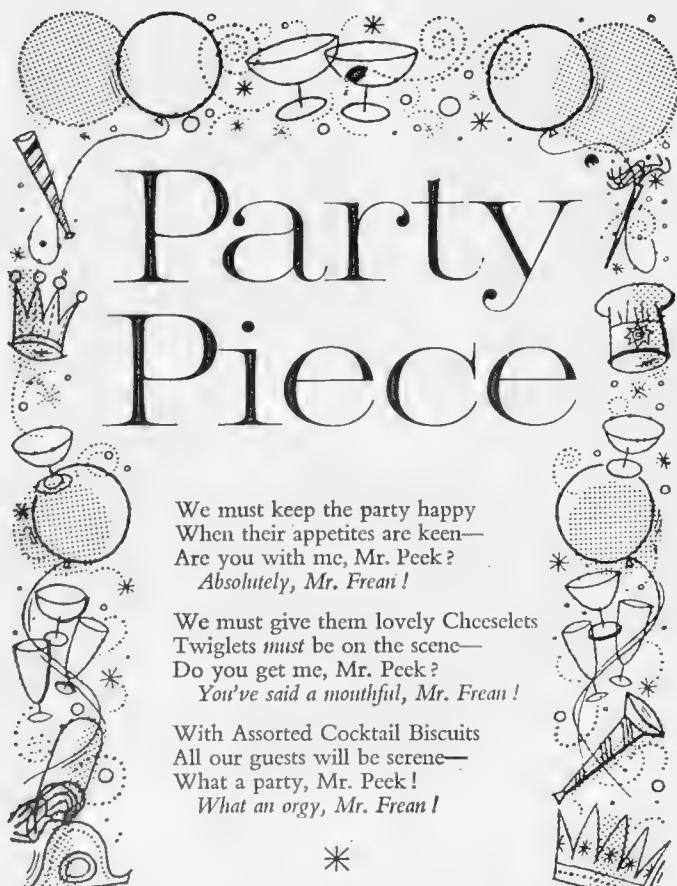


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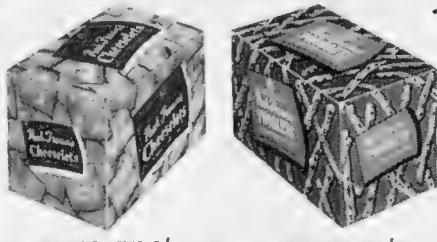
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DINING IN

The roots of variety

by HELEN BURKE

WHEN FOLK complain that there are few winter vegetables in this country, they are probably entirely overlooking the roots. Apart from carrots, which we do accept, there are swede, turnips, parsnips and beetroots. Swedes are so unpopular in the south that few greengrocers find it worth while to stock them, yet swedes from Devonshire are perfectly delicious, with a darker and better-flavoured flesh than those from any other part of the country.

Parsnips are almost as unpopular. As for beetroots, their chief function is to appear at table dressed in sweetened vinegar and cold. Few people seem to think of having a hot beetroot dish.

On the principle that it is a good idea to serve a bird with the food which it liked, try mashed swede turnips with roast pheasant.

Quickest, easiest and safest way to peel the turnips is to cut them straight through, place them cut sides down on a board, and cut them into half-round slices. Then peel the slices thickly enough to get past the bitter skin. Drop the slices into salted boiling water, boil them until they are soft, drain them, dry out and mash them with freshly milled black pepper—plenty of it, and a nice piece of butter.

Or cut the swedes into dice and cook as above. Drain well. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, add a dessertspoon of flour and cook it for a minute, without colouring it. Stir in a cup of top milk cream, bring to the boil, simmer for a few minutes and season to taste. Add the diced turnips and heat through. To add to the appearance, sprinkle freshly chopped parsley on top.

Another pleasant way to serve swedes, with no last minute attention, is to scallop them. Cut the swedes into half moons, peel them and three-parts cook them in salted boiling water as above. Drain, then arrange the "half moons," stacked against each other, in a buttered oven-dish. Cover with a thin white sauce, flavoured with a pinch of grated nutmeg, and add plenty of breadcrumbs on top. Trickle an ounce of melted butter over them,

then bake in an oven hot enough to brown the top (400 to 425 deg. F. or gas mark 6 to 7).

An equal quantity of grated cheese, added to the breadcrumbs, makes this a dish in itself.

Old country cooks had a way of turning parsnips into a memorable vegetable. They peeled and quartered them lengthwise, boiled them in salted water until a fork penetrated them easily, then drained and dried them thoroughly. Next, they passed them through flour, brushed off the excess, then placed them, to brown nicely, in the tin in which beef, pork or lamb was baked. Pork and baked parsnips have an affinity for each other.

Another way: Boil peeled rounds of parsnips in plenty of salted water, drain them well and give them the same treatment as the scalloped swedes.

Still another way: Drain and dry boiled rounds of parsnips. Dip them in seasoned flour, then beaten egg and breadcrumbs, and fry them in deep fat. They go well with fried sausages or with fillets of fish, which do not take kindly to green vegetables.

Parsnip cakes are quite another matter. To 2 cups of mashed cooked parsnips, add half a cup of crumbs from a day-old loaf and a beaten egg. Season well, especially with freshly milled pepper. For a "nippy" flavour, beat in a good mustard spoon of made mustard. Drop tablespoons of the mixture into hot bacon dripping and dry the cakes to a golden brown on each side. These cakes, too, will go well with fish.

Now to beetroots. Harvard beetroots hardly need any introduction. For these I use canned "baby" beetroots, cut into slices. (The juice from the can, added to a tin of clear soup, makes a delicious beetroot consommé.)

Mix together a tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar and a good pinch of salt. Stir over heat until the cornflour is cooked. Add the sliced beetroot and an ounce of butter and heat through.

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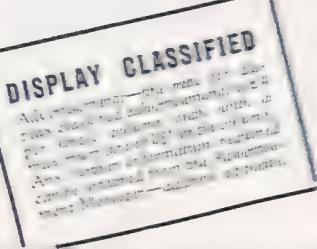


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WHERE

to go ...

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

This is the time of pre-Christmas exhaustion, when the pace seems almost too much to bear and shopper's feet is the prevalent complaint. Something quiet and soothing is indicated. There is still time, for example, to see the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition of Nature Photography, open until the 19th at 16 Princes Gate. Here delightful pictures of animals, birds and butterflies, in monochrome and colour, will lift your thoughts above current anxieties.

It is then only a short walk to the Victoria and Albert, where the Murray Graham collection of Turkish, Caucasian and Persian carpets is on view until 1 January. The late Judge Murray Graham was for nearly 40 years a leading figure of the legal administration in Egypt, and his taste was sure. Also here, lent by the National Trust, is the

Shah Abbas carpet from Hardwick Hall. With its silk pile and gold and silver brocading, it is easy to visualize the royal cheetahs lying on it.

The centenary of Puccini's birth (see page 719) is being celebrated at the Royal Opera House by a production of *Turandot* (22 December), with Hans Kaart, a young Dutch tenor, making his English débüt in the rôle of Calaf. And for connoisseurs of the Victorian theatre there is a treat tonight at the Lyric, Hammersmith, where a *Planché* pantomime of 1850, *King Charming*, opens. With names in the cast like Henpeck the Hundredth and Queen Tyrana, it should prove a tremendous draw.

Finally, readers in East Anglia and the North should note the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols, which is being given at King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and at York Minster, on Christmas Eve. A rewarding experience is in store for those who attend.

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(from recent contributions):

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BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

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Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

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sense of fun . . . Miss Pat Kirkwood . . . has come on immensely in the Beatrice Lillie line of satire."

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Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness. "An atmosphere of great sincerity . . . Miss Bergman has a sort of radiant candour. . . . In extolling courage, sincerity and goodness it is in . . . splendid contrast to much the cinema is currently offering."

Sally's Irish Rogue. "It is Mr. Harry Brogan who's the life and soul of this jolly Irish country comedy . . . the Abbey Players . . . are, or seem to be, all natural-born Irish character actors . . . unusually entertaining."

Nowhere To Go. "Breaking into prison is surely something new. . . . As one settles back to enjoy an unusual film . . . one is not disappointed."

WHAT

to see



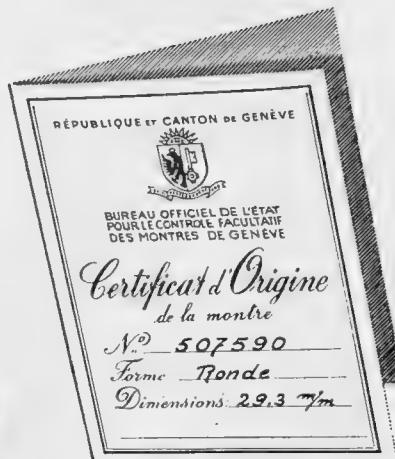
There's something special about Bristol—the Multicel tip that gives you all the full cool flavour of fine tobacco.

Christmas Day's cigarette is a
BRISTOL

BRISTOL TIPPED CIGARETTES 8/4 FOR FIFTY

The Chronomètre "ROYAL"

a timepiece for the connoisseur



The Chronomètre "Royal" earned its right to the Geneva hallmark by complying in every respect with the exacting standards laid down by the Republic and Canton of Geneva for its famous master watchmakers.

**VACHERON
ET
CONSTANTIN**

WATCHES OF SWITZERLAND LIMITED

15 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W1 · 127A PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH
125 NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM · 69 LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL



SOUFFLÉ GRAND MARNIER

*The perfect complement
to good food*

GRAND MARNIER is the only liqueur exclusively made with old cognac brandies. Subtly flavoured with oranges, its rich mellowness makes it the perfect after-dinner liqueur. Added to a dish, Grand Marnier gives it a cordon bleu touch which enchants everyone. In its handsome presentation box, Grand Marnier is a tasteful Christmas present.



Grand Marnier
LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE

Write for a free recipe booklet to sole agents: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS



'The secret of my Martinis? Martini!'

It's as simple as that! Hardly a secret at all, except that it *must* be Martini . . . just two-thirds Martini Dry (you know, the one in the green bottle) and one-third gin, well-chilled, and there you are! Good isn't it? Have another.

*Better drink Martini
sweet or dry*

MARTINI



We chose this in Paris

in Emba 'Cerulean' sapphire mink . . . delightful little jacket with a suave, loose line and a delicate air. With its stand-away collar and full, beautiful sleeves . . . chic, warm and utterly desirable.

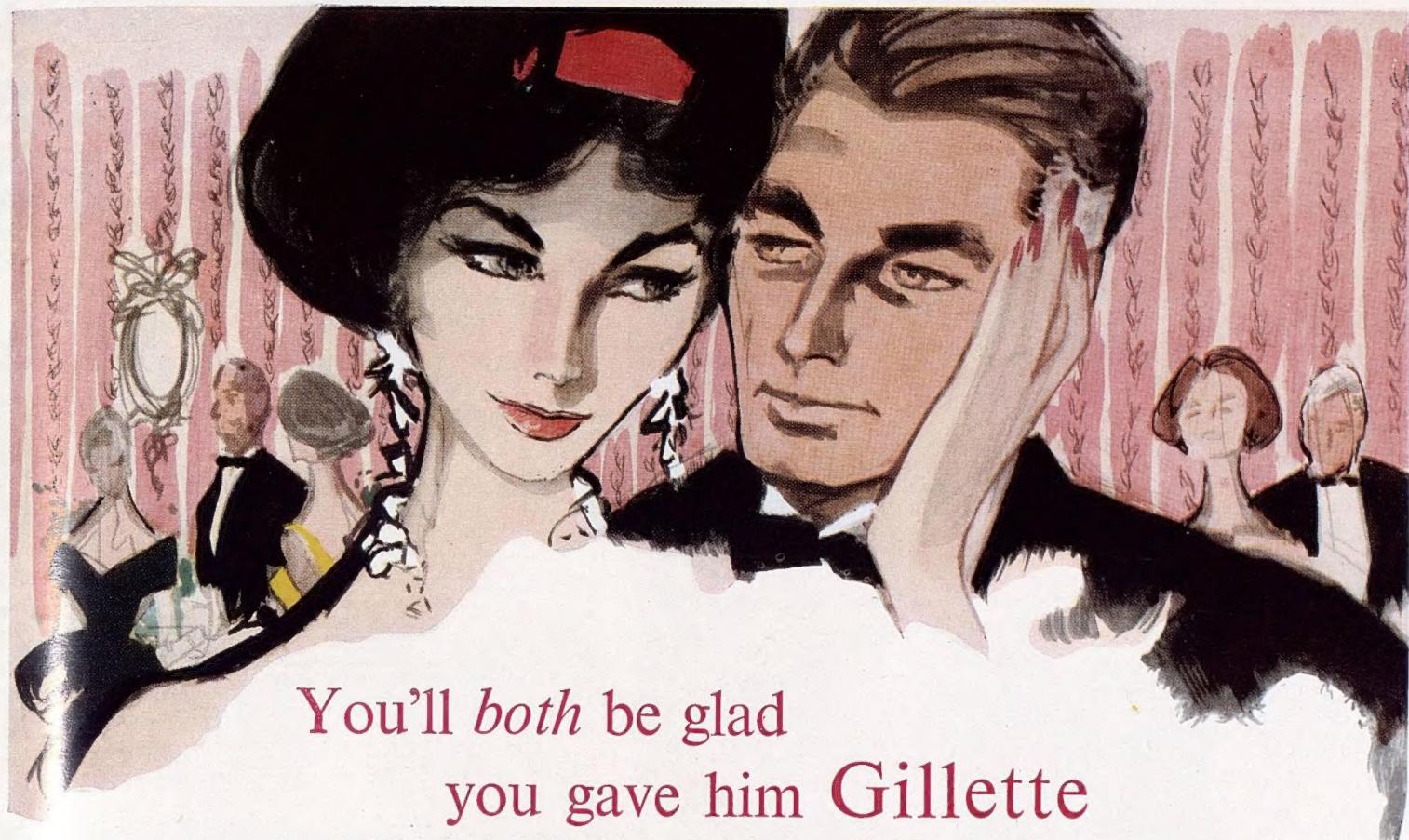


Christian Dior at

Debenham

Photographed for Debenham
by Peter Clark at the door
of Christian Dior's Boutique
in the Avenue Montaigne

Debenham & Freebody Wigmore Street London W1. Langham 4444



You'll *both* be glad you gave him Gillette

It's such good sense *and* good taste to give one of these superb Gillette razors. For however many gifts a man receives, here is the one that you know will always be appreciated . . . used and treasured every day. See these beautifully made Gillette razors next time you are out.

They are in most good shops.



Gillette Adjustable

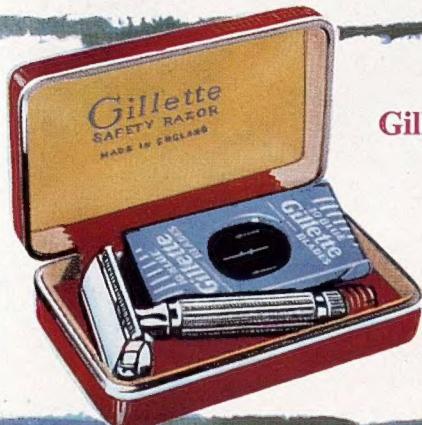
A magnificent gold-plated razor—the most advanced in the world. Nine settings to give exactly the shave he wants. In a luxurious case with removable travel pack and 20 Blue Gillette blades.

4½ gns. (inc. P.T.).



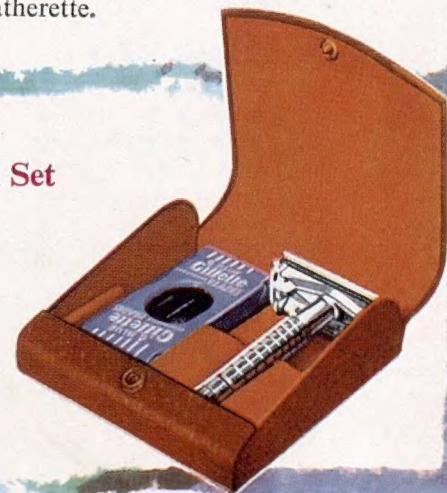
Gillette No. 70 Set

A hand polished nickel-plated razor, with 20 Blue Gillette blades presented in an attractive velvet and silk lined case of lizard grained leatherette. 35/- (inc. P.T.).



Gillette No. 58 Set

A nickel-plated one-piece razor and 10 Blue Gillette blades in a red leatherette case. 19/6d. (inc. P.T.).



Gillette Travel Set

A highly finished one-piece razor in a handsome travel case with 6 Blue Gillette blades. 13/6d. (inc. P.T.).

*This
Christmas
entertain with
new zest ...
serve*

**CINZANO
BIANCO**



CINZANO
BIANCO



*

*And for your
further enjoyment ...*

CINZANO RED

Sweet, dark and richly coloured, CINZANO RED perfectly exemplifies the traditional Vermouth of Italy.

Large bottle 16/9d; half-bottle 8/10d.

CINZANO DRY

FROM FRANCE

Quality and distinction are self-evident in this genuine DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH.

Large bottle 17/6d; half-bottle 9/3d



YOUR FRIENDS will delight in this delicious drink from Italy.

Mellow, yet refreshing — smooth and golden, CINZANO BIANCO is a unique white vermouth, with its sweetness tempered by a fascinating aromatic tang.

CINZANO BIANCO's distinctive individuality is best appreciated when served straight — well chilled; but is equally enjoyable with soda and ice; or as the principal ingredient in many intriguing cocktails.

This Christmas enjoy a new pleasure —

CINZANO BIANCO

Large bottle 16/9d; half-bottle 8/10d.



PLAYER'S

Britain's best liked cigarettes

They taste better, that's why

